



No. 323.—Vol. XXV.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 5, 1899.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6d.



[Photo by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.]

MR. NORMAN FORBES AS LOUIS XIV. WITH THE DUC DE VERMANDOIS (MISS VALLI VALLI),
HIS SON BY LOUISE DE LA VALLIERE.

Mr. Forbes doubles the part of Louis and that of Philippe, the Man in the Iron Mask.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY'S HOME.

It is only thirty-two miles from London back to the spacious times of great Elizabeth. You take a ticket for Penshurst Station, on the South-Eastern Railway, and a walk of about a mile and a-half lands you in a village which has about it still the atmosphere of the sixteenth century. Passing under the quaint half-timbered houses which serve as a lych-gate to the churchyard, and following the path which leaves the church on the right, you reach the fair meadows which encircle the ancient home of Sir Philip Sidney.

Penshurst Place can claim even a higher antiquity than the sixteenth century. The banqueting-hall in the centre of this historic pile was built as far back as the middle of the fourteenth century, and to this day it retains the characteristics of the feudal age. The mansion was embattled by special royal licence in 1322; enlarged, fortified, and otherwise moulded into its present form in the two centuries following; and in 1553 became the possession of Sir William Sidney by special gift of Edward VI. Over the gateway-tower is an inscription recording that royal favour—

The most religious and renowned prince, Edward VI., King of England, France, and Ireland, gave this house of Pencaster, with the manors, landes, and appurtenances thereunto belonging, unto his trusted and well-beloved servant Syr William Sydney, serving him from the time of his birth unto his coronation in the offices of Chamberlain and Steward of his household.

Sir William had but brief enjoyment of his royal master's gift, for he died the same year in which it was bestowed. To him succeeded his



SACCHARISSA'S WALK.

only son, Sir Henry Sidney, in whose arms the young King Edward died; and of that noble sire and his high-born wife, the Lady Mary Dudley, was born Philip Sidney, on Nov. 29, 1554. Such a son seems the natural fruit of such parents. While young Philip was still at school, his father wrote him a letter full of tender affection and courtly counsel. Some of its passages may be read with great profit by parents and children of this nineteenth century, when courtesy and modesty are not too highly estimated—

Apply your study to such hours as your discreet master doth assign you earnestly, and the time I know he will so limit as shall be both sufficient for your learning and safe for your health. And mark the sense and the matter of that you read, as well as the words. So shall you both enrich your tongue with words and your wit with matter, and judgment will grow as years groweth in you. Be humble and obedient to your master, for unless you frame yourself to obey others—yea, and feel in yourself what obedience is—you shall never be able to teach others how to obey you. Be courteous of gesture and affable to all men, with diversity of reverence according to the dignity of the person: there is nothing that winneth so much with so little cost. Use moderate diet, so as after your meal you may find your wit fresher and not duller, and your body more lively and not more heavy. Seldom drink wine, and yet sometimes do, lest being enforced to drink upon the sudden you should find yourself inflamed. . . . Give

yourself to be merry, for you degenerate from your father if you find not yourself most able in wit and body and to do anything when you be most merry; but let your mirth be ever void of all scurrility and biting words to any man, for a wound given by a word is oftentimes harder to be cured than that which is given with the sword.



PENSURST PLACE, WHERE SIR PHILIP SIDNEY WAS BORN.

From Photographs by H. C. Shelley.

Yes, it must have been a happy, well-balanced childhood which Philip Sidney spent at Penshurst. With parents such as his, and with a home such as this fair Kentish mansion, his lines were cast in pleasant places. The blended picture of stately castle and well-ordered gardens did not impress itself for nothing on his young mind. Years later, when he penned his "Arcadia," to lighten the pangs of his sister in childbirth,

are his helmet and a fragment of his shaving-glass. Apart from these, Penshurst is rich in historical memorials. In the spacious ball-room is a wine-cooler (once a bushel measure) made from cannon taken in the Armada, and in Queen Elizabeth's room there may yet be seen the suite which was specially made in prospect of that Sovereign's visit. Her armchair occupies a prominent position in the photograph, and by its side



SOME ROYAL CHINA.

that picture came back again with added beauty, to serve as model for the home and pleasure of the kindly Kalander. It helps us to see Penshurst through Philip Sidney's eyes—

The house itself was built of fair and strong stone, not affecting so much any extraordinary kind of fineness as an honourable presenting of a firm stateliness. The lights, doors, and stairs rather directed to the use of the guest than to the eye of the artificer, and yet, as the one chiefly heeded, so the other not neglected; each place handsome without curiosity, and homely without loathsomeness; not so dainty as not to be trod on, nor yet slubbered up with good-fellowship; all more lasting than beautiful, but that the consideration of the exceeding lastingness made the eye believe it was exceeding beautiful. The servants not so many in number as cleanly in apparel and serviceable in behaviour, testifying even in their countenances that their master took as well care to be served as of them that did serve.

The back side of the house was neither field, garden, nor orchard—or rather, it was both field, garden, and orchard, for, as soon as the descending of the stairs had delivered them down, they came into a place cunningly set with trees of the most taste-pleasing fruits; but scarcely they had taken that into their consideration but that they were suddenly steeped into a delicate green; of each side of the green, a thicket, and behind the thicket again new beds of flowers, which, being under the trees, the trees were to them a pavilion, and they to the trees a mosaic floor, so that it seemed that art therein would needs be delightful, by counterfeiting his enemy error, and making order in confusion. In the midst of all the place was a fair pond, whose shaking crystal was a perfect mirror to all the other beauties, so that it bare show of two gardens; one indeed, the other in shadows.

Within and without there are at Penshurst many reminders of it, most famous son. In the park to the north, near a tree-embower'd ponds stands the "Sidney Oak,"—not the oak that was planted at Sir Philip's birth, but the tree under whose boughs he was wont to muse, and where he doubtless held high poetic converse with Spenser, what time the author of the "Fairy Queen" was his guest here. Scattered through the mansion are many portraits of Sidney, and among his personal relics



THE SIDNEY OAK.

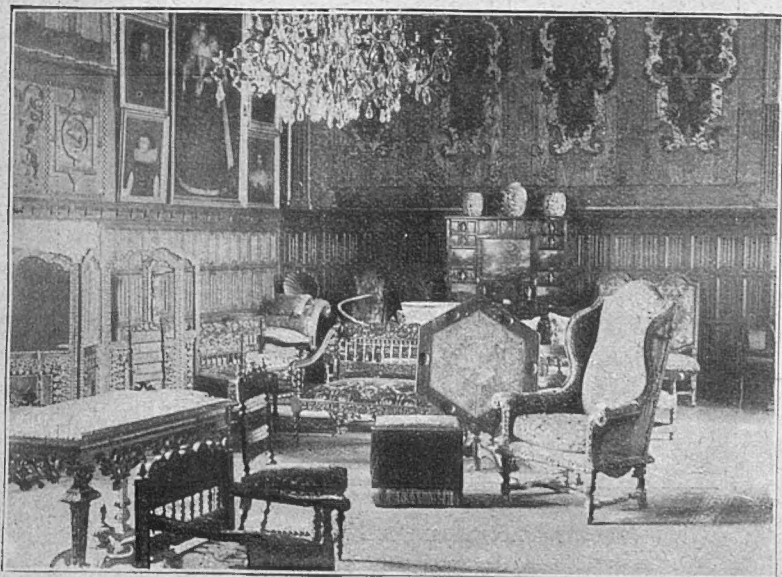
stands a card-table, the embroidered top of which was worked by the Royal Virgin's own fingers. In close proximity, too, is the small velvet-covered stool which was used by Queen Victoria at her coronation in Westminster Abbey. Leading off the apartment next to Queen Elizabeth's room is a tiny page's closet, where is now displayed a priceless collection of china. Among the sets are Queen Elizabeth's dessert-service and Queen Anne's breakfast-service.

There is another Sidney who seems to haunt the glades of Penshurst, the fair Lady Dorothy, who made such havoc in the heart of poet Waller. Close by the castle is the avenue of beeches known as "Saccharissa's Walk," and these were the trees addressed by the impassioned lover in his fruitless lines beginning "Ye lofty beeches."

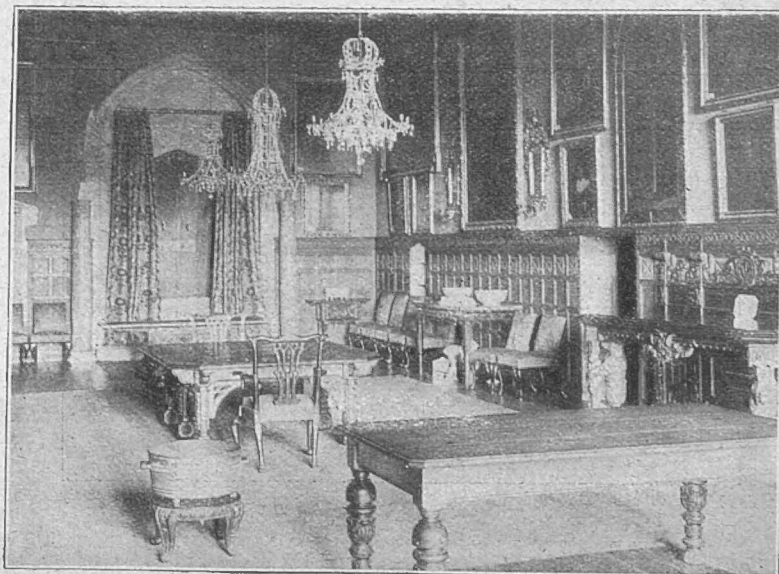
But it was all in vain. Waller might call the Lady Dorothy his "Saccharissa," he might pour out sonnets and poems at white heat, but there was to be no daughter of the house of Sidney for him. And yet he had his revenge. "When," asked the lady, meeting him as a widow many years after; "when, Mr. Waller, will you write such fine verses upon me again?" "When, Madam," rejoined the poet with a bow, "you are as young and as handsome as you were then."

THE BRITISH MUTOSCOPE AND BIOGRAPH PAPAL VIEWS.

We regret that in our last issue we should have published an infringement of one of these copyright views, which had been supplied to us by *Le Monde Illustré*, of Paris. Our contemporary appears to have been made the victim of some mistake or hoax in attributing the view of the "Pope in His Garden" to a M. de Federicis, the fact being that this most interesting photograph was taken by Mr. W. K. L. Dickson, the technician of the British Mutoscope and Biograph Company, to whom the sole copyright belongs and to whom the acknowledgment should have been given.



QUEEN ELIZABETH'S ROOM.



PENSURST BALL-ROOM.

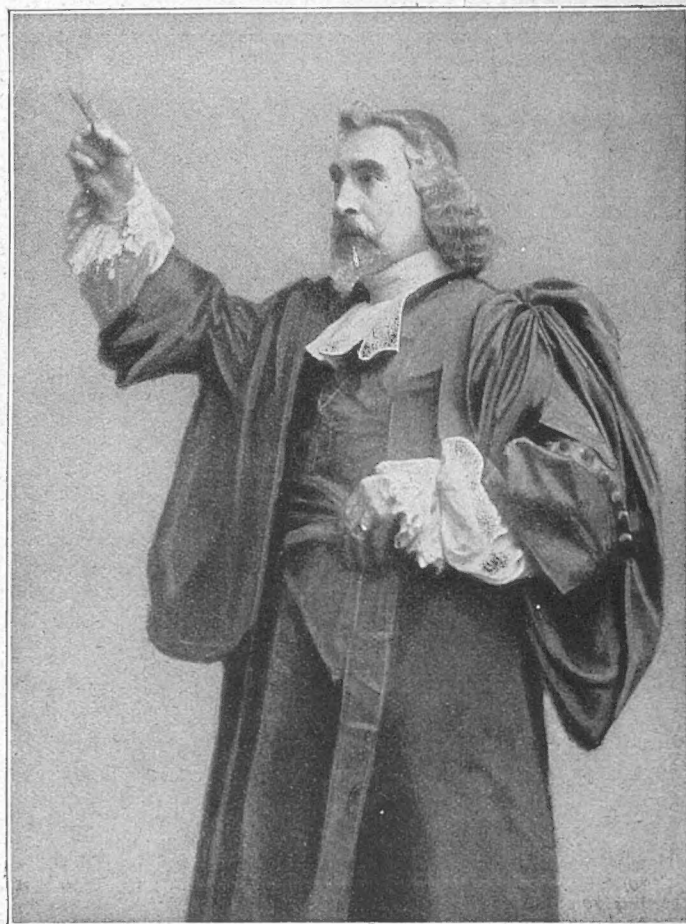
From Photographs by H. C. Shelley.

"THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK," AT THE ADELPHI.

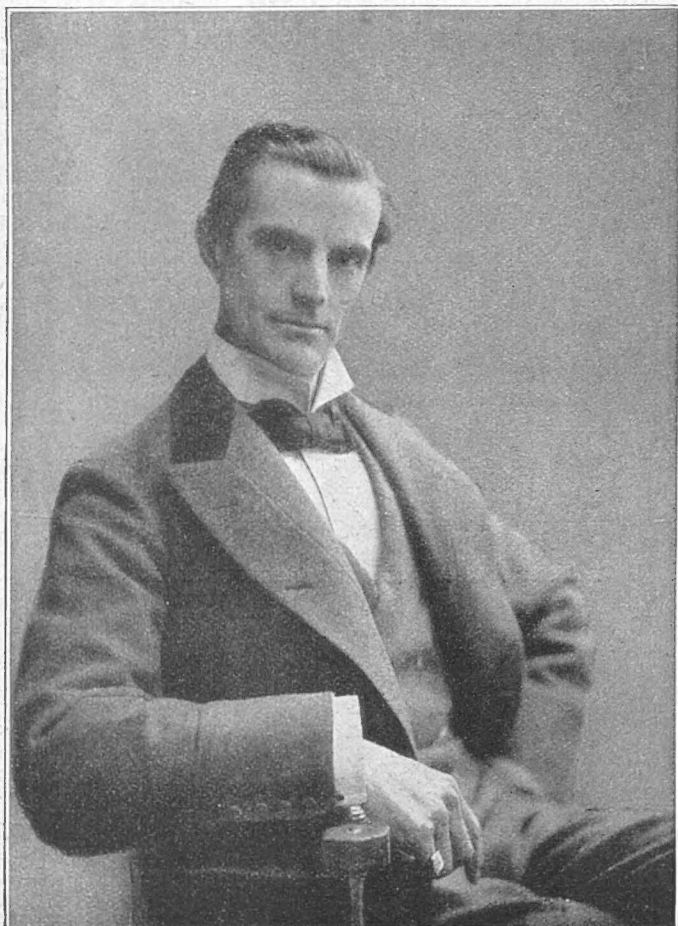
From Photographs by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.



MONSIEUR DE ST. MARS, THE VILLAIN (MR. W. L. ABINGDON).



MONSIEUR D'HERBLAY, BISHOP OF VANNES (MR. W. H. VERNON).

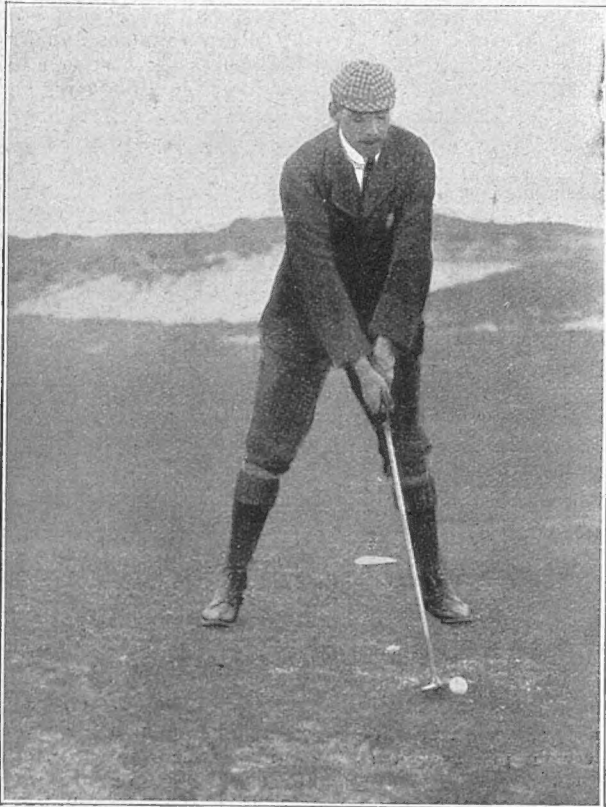


MR. NORMAN FORBES, THE AUTHOR OF THE PLAY.

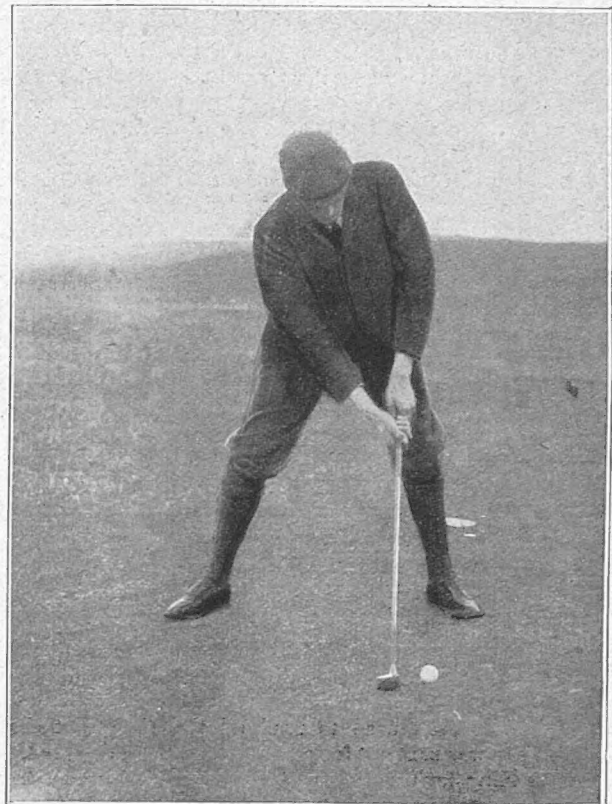


MDLLE. DE MONTALAIS (MISS HILDA HANBURY).

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE GOLF MATCH AT SANDWICH.



E. C. LEE (OXFORD CAPTAIN) ABOUT TO DRIVE.



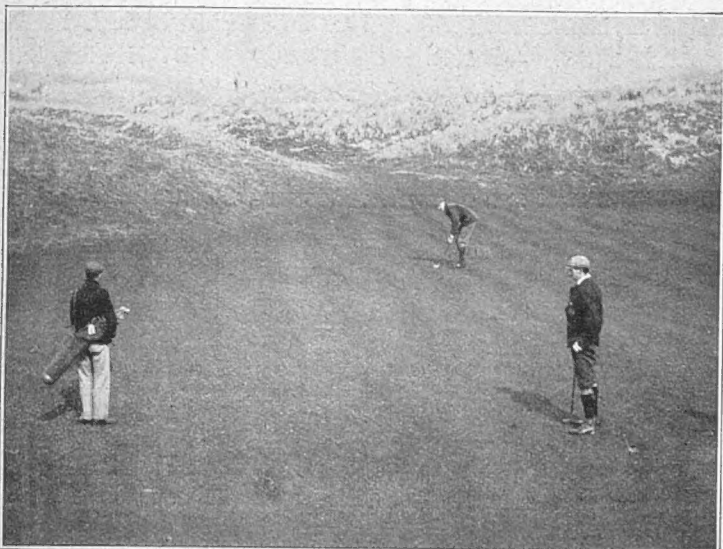
A. H. LEATHART (OXFORD) GOING TO DRIVE.



P. W. LEATHART (CAMBRIDGE),



A. C. LAWRENCE (CAMBRIDGE CAPTAIN) GETTING OUT OF A BUNKER.



E. E. APTHORP (CAMBRIDGE) PLAYING AT THE MAIDEN HOLE.



H. C. ELLIS (OXFORD) PUTTING.

MISS JANE BARLOW.

Miss Barlow has been called "the Barrie of Ireland," but, beyond a certain similarity of subject and treatment belonging to both, the title is scarcely applicable. Mr. Barrie wrote of scenes to which he was native, of people with whom he had lived, moved, and had his being. With Miss Barlow it is otherwise, for she belongs to a class used to despise the peasant as an inferior creation for the purposes of servitude. She began, therefore, with no more intimate knowledge of a people, hard at all times to understand and reticent in proportion to their garrulity, than was to be obtained from outside observation, guided by intuitive sympathy.

Miss Barlow was born in the County of Dublin, near the once brilliant capital which has since sunk to the condition of a mere isolated suburb of London. Her father, Mr. J. W. Barlow, is a Senior Fellow of Trinity College and sometime Professor of Modern History in the University of Dublin. When she was eight years old her family removed from Clontarf to Raheny, a pretty sea-coast village a little north of Dublin, and close by the magnificent promontory of Howth. Here, in a charming, old-fashioned cottage, with thatched roof and mud walls joined to the later erections of stone, and surrounded by a rose-garden, Miss Barlow has since lived, and is not tempted lightly to leave its shelter.

Miss Barlow has no recollection of learning to read, which her people affirm she could always do. Her first essay in verse was the following Hymn to Neptune, which she dictated to her aunt when she was five years of age—

Neptune, thou monarch of the sea,
Thy palace it is there,
Where among the brown and green seaweeds
Swim all the mermaids fair.
Thy palace is built of the coral red,
And the Nautilus is thy boat;
Of the soft sea-sand thou mak'st thy bed,
And in the great waves do the sea-shells float.

In those days, she believes, she used to read all the time that she was awake, except when she was sent out for a walk, which she detested. Her favourite books were Kingsley's "Heroes" and Hawthorne's "Tanglewood Tales." She also delighted much in two bound volumes of the earliest numbers of *Cornhill*. One of them contained Mrs. Browning's "A Musical Instrument," which she used to read over and over. She did not like the picture of Pan, and always covered it up with both hands. To this poem she attributes the desire to become a poet herself. Other poems that were much in her mind were one of Barry Cornwall's, beginning "The summer's night is all star-bright," and Tennyson's "Brook," "Lady of Shalott," and "Mariana." But, more than these, Longfellow's "I Stood on the Bridge," which her nursery-maid used to sing, influenced her mind as a child, probably because she always identified the bridge with the wooden bridge at the Bull of Clontarf.

Very soon after coming to reside at Raheny, Miss Barlow began to write a novel. In those days she read innumerable novels, which is perhaps why she finds it difficult to read any now. Of her childish attempt at fiction she remembers nothing except that the heroine's name was Alice, and that she lived with her people in *Rotten Row*, which happened to be the only London name she knew. This novel remained a very small fragment, and it is probable that some derision expressed by her family on discovering the heroine's address brought it to an untimely end. For a long time after this discouragement, she did not attempt any prose, but she wrote many verses, which she burned periodically with scorn and loathing.

At last, somewhere about the end of the 'seventies, she began to write short stories, and sometimes sent them to magazines; but they were invariably returned to her, and she always burned them too. She often resolved not to try any more, and to content herself with her books and her music, but, very fortunately, she never could. Then, about '83 or '84, Mr. Payn accepted a short story for *Cornhill*, and after that he occasionally took one, and a few appeared in the *Whitehall Review* and in *Time*.

When she returned from Greece in 1889, she contributed a good many papers to the *Graphic*. She also wrote for the *Dublin University Review* and *Hibernia*, under the pseudonym of "Owen Balair." About the same time she did a metrical translation of the "Batrachomyomachia," which was published a few years ago, and made translations, for private use, of parts of Kant. She learned some Greek, too. "I learned," she says, "enough to know how little of it I know, and that is not a despicable amount, and much less Latin." She was appointed Examiner to the Irish Intermediate Education Board, and in 1891 resolved to publish "Bogland Studies" with the proceeds of her examination work. The book was published by Mr. Unwin, under the writer's real name, she having reluctantly abandoned her pseudonym at her father's request.

Dr. Robertson Nicoll was quick to discover the merits of the new writer, and wrote to Miss Barlow, suggesting that she should write "Irish Idylls" for Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. This she did during the summer of 1892 with much certainty of failure. Its success amazed and delighted her. "One pleasant feature in it," she says, "has been that I have never come upon the slightest trace of the literary jealousy which people speak of. So far as my experience goes, it is a complete myth."

In 1894, "Kerrigan's Quality," Miss Barlow's first attempt at a regular novel, appeared. It opens admirably, but rather falls off in interest toward the close, and somehow the writer does not seem to get on quite well with her "quality." In the autumn of the same year she

published, through Messrs. Macmillan, a fairy poem, written five or six years before, and called "The End of Elflintown." It is in the metre, and, to some extent, in the style, of Drayton's "Nymphidia," and is beautifully illustrated by Laurence Housman.

In 1895 two volumes appeared from Miss Barlow's pen, "Maureen's Fairing, and Other Stories," with illustrations by Bertha Newcombe, in Messrs. Dent's "Iris Series," and "Strangers at Lisconnel," a second series of "Irish Idylls," published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. In 1896 she contributed a second volume of short stories to Messrs. Dent's "Iris Series," entitled "Mrs. Martin's Company, and Other Stories," and having illustrations by Miss Bertha Newcombe. Last autumn Miss Barlow published "A Creel of Irish Stories," with Messrs. Methuen.

About her literary beliefs Miss Barlow is reticent. The worship of Ibsen seems to her a wholly incomprehensible craze, and she can make nothing of him. She has taken very little pleasure in any fiction later than George Eliot, whom she considers the greatest novelist we have had. Kipling and Barrie she regards as being great within their own limits, which are, however, too straitly drawn to allow them to be great absolutely. Mr. Hardy's style, she considers, like Mark Rutherford's, to be admirable, but she confesses that she is heretic enough to hate his "Tess."

Miss Barlow has her political beliefs—as who has not in Ireland?—and she takes the popular side. She is a rebel among loyalists, for her family profess the Union. "My first recollections of having any definite political principles," she says, "date from the old Fenian days. I remember we used often to see trails of smoke on the Dublin mountains. Probably they were merely furze or weeds burning, but I firmly believed that they were the camp-fires of the Fenians, and the idea gave me an inexplicable delight. I suppose my notions as to who or what the Fenians might be were of the vaguest, but I thought that to be a Fenian, and to sit with other Fenians round a camp-fire in the Dublin Mountains, would be a great and glorious destiny. Now I believe in Home Rule, first, because I hold that every nation has a right to be governed as it chooses, and secondly, because there is something in the *Wesen* of the English which produces a sort of invincible ignorance, and would prevent them with the best will in the world from understanding us. I really think that the Irish could govern the English better than the English the Irish. Moreover, it appears to me that, if we remain as closely united to England as we are now, we shall presently come under the rule of the lower middle-class democracy, which seems to be inevitably impending there, and which would not suit us at all; whereas it is my belief that, when Home Rule is established, Ireland will be one of the most aristocratic (by which I don't mean peer-ridden) and conservative (by which I don't mean Tory) countries in the world. But, after all, I am more interested in the social than in the political aspect of the question. I want whatever will give the poor people a better chance."

Miss Barlow's place in literature is now assured. When she began to publish, critics were amazed at the ripeness of her work, not knowing it to be the result of years of rejection; that she had arrived at maturity by burning what the young writer is too eager to publish. To say that she sees Irish peasant life whole, is to say too much. She sees it as an idealist, and, if she realises that there is anything else, she refuses it as part of her material, it may be even at the sacrifice of strength and convincingness.

In a sense she belongs to what is called the "Barrie school," but, to my mind, she excels Mr. Barrie as much in the fineness and subtlety of her humour as she does in the tenderness of her idealism.

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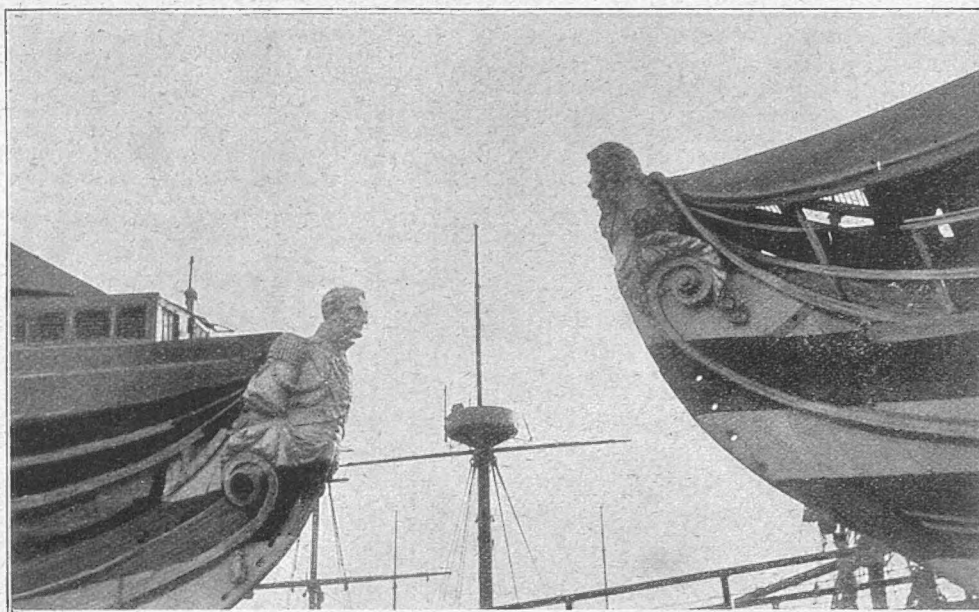
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SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

Many of my readers, young and old alike, will regret the death of Mr. Birket Foster, which occurred yesterday week at Braeside, Weybridge, Surrey, at the ripe age of seventy-four, he having been born in 1825 at North Shields. Like many other artists of the period, he was apprenticed to Landel, the wood-engraver, and when he had completed his articles he began by illustrating children's books, and was a frequent contributor to the pages of the *Illustrated London News*—indeed, there were few illustrated books published during the preceding quarter of a century which were not embellished by his pencil. Among the most notable works illustrated by him there may be mentioned "Pictures of English Landscapes," Hood's Poems, Cowper's "Task," George Herbert's Poems, Longfellow's "Evangeline," Beattie's "Minstrel," and Goldsmith's Poetical Works. About forty years ago he deserted the pencil for the brush, devoting himself almost entirely to water-colours, and his first picture sent to the Royal Academy was at once accepted. He rapidly rose in repute as a painter of English landscape, while a number of sketches, among others, of scenery in Brittany brought him considerable renown. He was elected a member of the Water-Colour Society in 1860, and was also a member of the Royal Academy of Berlin. The Fosters, originally spelt "Forrester," were descended from an old Border family, and allusion to their occupation may be found in their coat-of-arms, the shield bearing three

hunting-horns, surmounted by the crest of a dog of the chase, with the motto "Persevere." Mr. Birket Foster was twice married, his second wife being the sister of the well-known artist the late Mr. J. D. Watson. Mr. Birket Foster formerly resided at The Hill, Witley, where he was a neighbour of Sir Henry Holland, Mr. Edmund Evans, and Mr. John H. Foster. For the last few years he had lived at Weybridge.



TWO FIGURE-HEADS (THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH) IN PORTSMOUTH DOCKYARD.

Photo by Critch, Southsea.

turned upwards, like a good German, instead of down, like an orthodox Englishman," since which the distinguished son-in-law of a millionaire tradesman can be known afar off by his erect appendages.

Lord Ranfurly, the Governor of New Zealand, needs no introduction to my readers, for I have already presented a portrait of him. This week I show you his family and officials.



LORD RANFURLY (GOVERNOR OF NEW ZEALAND) AND THE VICE-REGAL PARTY AT ELMWOOD, CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY STANDISH AND PREECE.

Those who raised such a hubbub over the recent graduation of a Fräulein at Berlin University must have forgotten that as long ago as 1787 a girl took the degree of Ph.D. at Göttingen. This was Dorothy Schlözer, who seems to have been the infant phenomenon of her sex and of her century. Her father was a professor, and at the mature age of



ELSIE AND EILY KEARY IN ARAB COSTUME.

Photo by Jean Geiser, Algiers.

two years eight months she commenced her studies by learning Low German. French followed, and long ere she had reached her sixth birthday she had crossed the *pons asinorum*, for old Schlözer taught her geometry before he initiated her into the secrets of the multiplication table. John Stuart Mill lisped Greek at the unconscionable age of six; but that was nothing to a child of five talking several languages and juggling with Euclidean problems. Dorothy's career onward to her thirteenth birthday was a triumphant progress through six languages—English, Italian, Swedish, Dutch, Latin, and Greek; and before she was seventeen she had thrown in mineralogy as well. She was then judged fit to enter for a degree, and, needless to say, an examination before six dons was as little of an obstacle to her in her march up Parnassus as had been the mysteries of right-angled triangles and the grammatical idiocies of half-a-dozen languages. We are told that, though such a mine of learning, Dorothy played the harpsichord and had all the fashionable accomplishments of a lady except that of being able to spell correctly.

By the death last week of Miss Mary Jane Janett Turner, aged eighty-five, the last member of the family of the late Mr. William Turner, formerly of Shrigley Park, Chester, and Member of Parliament for Blackburn from 1832-1841, is severed the sole connecting link in the extraordinary romance in which figured the founder of New Zealand, Edward Gibbon Wakefield. The episode involved questions of abduction, criminal prosecution, and a special Act of Parliament, and was sufficient to put Gibbon Wakefield under a cloud during most of his active career. Miss Turner's sister, Ellen, an heiress and the heroine in this romance of 1827, was taken away from her school at Liverpool to Manchester, under the pretence that her father was dying. She was joined at Cottonopolis by Wakefield, who, telling her that her father was ruined, promised if she would marry him to give £60,000 to save Mr. Turner from imprisonment. The ceremony was performed at Gretna Green. The bride was followed to Calais and brought home. Wakefield was sentenced at Lancaster to three years' imprisonment, and a month afterwards the House of Lords passed a Bill annulling the marriage. Gibbon Wakefield subsequently married again, but died in strict retirement in the colony which he founded. New Zealand has been fatal to the Wakefields, since Arthur Wakefield was murdered by the Maori Chief Rauparaha, and Colonel Wakefield, broken in health, died at Wellington.

What purports to be a petrified man is now on exhibition at the Aquarium. This is not the first time, however, that such a freak has been on view to those who, as Trinculo has it, will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, but will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Richard Lascelles, who visited Rome at the end of the seventeenth century, describes a fossilised human being which he saw there in the Villa Ludovisia. Mr. Kensit would, perhaps, say such a thing is no great curiosity in the Eternal City, but let that pass. The fossilised

man that Lascelles saw lay in a velvet-lined box, and, to prove that there was no deception about the thing, one of the legs was broken, this, according to the account, showing the bone all crusted over with a stony shroud. As Lascelles quaintly put it, the man had no need of a sepulchre, as the incrustation formed a tomb as neat as a glove. To convince sceptics, a commentator on Lascelles refers to the city of Bredoblo, in Africa, and to a place in Tartary where all the inhabitants and animals were petrified on a sudden. Africa and Tartary were convenient *terra incognita* to the romancers of old; but now, with so much globe-trotting, there are no vast unknowns whence the story-teller can, as of yore, adduce parallels to his heart's content. Nowadays, a Daniel is sure to come to judgment, no matter to what uttermost end of the earth the de Rougemont of the moment may relegate his tale.

A correspondent writes—

Your note on the police of Capetown, in *The Sketch* of a few weeks ago, might be supplemented by the following paragraph, which I met casually whilst running through the pages of the late Frank Buckland's "Jottings from Animal Life" (1886 edit., page 39): "Such giants indeed are the Cumberland men that the Chief Constable told me a London tailor entered into a contract for clothes for the police; but when the tailor's foreman came from London to measure the men, he found they were such gigantic fellows that his calculated amount of cloth would run short, and he was obliged to break the contract. The Carlisle police are the finest body of constabulary I ever saw, and are the terror of the salmon-poachers on the Eden." Buckland is here writing in 1874, and, doubtless, a decade or two has made no difference in the stature of the Cumbrian "Roberts."

At Midsummer Captain Thomas Carlisle will cease connection with the *People* newspaper, after holding the editorship for nearly sixteen years. While in his hands it became the first Conservative working-class journal to attain political, popular, and commercial success in London. He does not purpose to relinquish journalism.

A Monte Carlo correspondent writes: "While I read of your London snow and your twenty degrees of frost, I am seated in open sunshine that is almost too warm to be quite comforting. The whole world here is gay with the sun, and with the flowers which, quite unashamed, colour the gardens of the Casino. Behind, to the South, the Mediterranean is in exquisite repose, great patches of purple here and there deepening upon the brighter blue. The white Mediterranean, that which, in a wonderful phrase, has been described as 'the flower of the breathless Midsummer,' has, indeed, not been with us; but it is good to have that which we have. The fashion, the gaiety, the laughter, and the utter irresponsibility make a curious contrast with the stern and bare hills that beetle high up across east and west in a northern sky. There is no



"THE CZAR'S DREAM," AT THE COVENT GARDEN BALL.

Photo by Langflier, Glasgow.

laughter there, but a stern, self-denying Nature that has even withdrawn its fruits and flowers from men. Never was so strange a proximity between two extremes of effect. What man can do to heighten that contrast he has done with remarkable ingenuity."

The good old practice of riding the marches has become somewhat meaningless nowadays, but I for one like to see it carried out, as I do every year when the children of St. Clement Danes—of which *The Sketch* is a parishioner—beat the bounds, equipped with staves, like those inhabitants of Ealing (illustrated here) who recently did the same thing.

In some parts of the country they have more startling methods of impressing on the powers that be the limits of the marches. In Aberdeen, for instance, the youngest magistrate, held by the feet and the arms, is made to whack a march-stone vigorously.

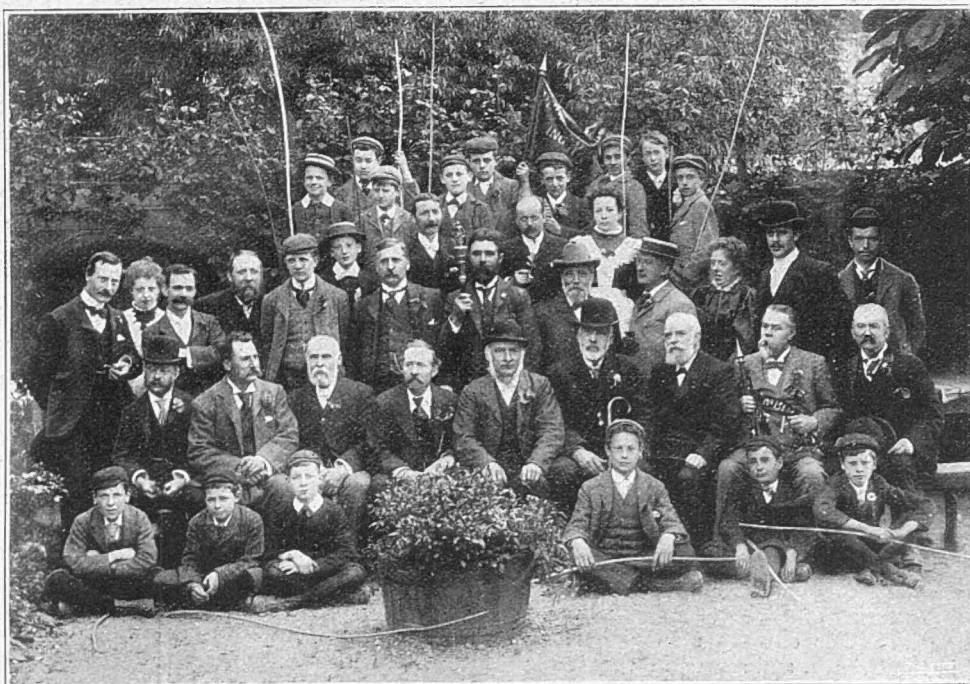
This fine old Jacobean house of flint and stone, which in the seventeenth century was the residence of Bishop Hall, after his expulsion from the See of Norwich, is now, *longo intervallo*, the Dolphin Inn, Heigham, with which is associated one of the favourite bathing-stations on the River Wensum. Even as it now stands, the house possesses many architectural features of interest, among which are several fine bits of panelling. Over the doorway is the date "1587," while in the flint-work above the right-hand windows are the figures "1619." It was here that Dr. Hall, who was successively Dean of Worcester, Bishop of Exeter, and Bishop of Norwich, spent the closing years of his life. He was buried in the church of St. Bartholomew, Heigham, which was the original parish church of this vast and ever-increasing hamlet. The Bishop, whose satirical poetry called forth a warm eulogium from Pope, was at one time chaplain to Henry, Prince of Wales. In 1641 he was committed to the Tower for protesting against certain laws which had been made by Parliament during the compulsory absence from Westminster of himself and his

episcopal colleagues. It was his famous letter to Mr. Thomas Sutton, of Hackney, that induced the millionaire philanthropist to purchase and endow the Charterhouse for the maintenance of the aged and infirm and for the education of the children of the poor. His will contained the following curious but characteristic clause: "I leave my body," wrote the distinguished prelate, "to be buried without any funeral pomp, at the discretion of my executors, with this only monition, that I do not hold God's house a meet repository of the dead bodies of the greatest saints!"

Burns Cottage, at Alloway, will appear before long in its distinctively primitive condition, as the keepers' apartments, the hall containing numerous and valuable Burns manuscripts and relics, and the room for the disposal of nicknacks, bearing the questionable legend "Made of wood grown in the neighbourhood of Alloway," and readily purchased by Americans, now joined to the cottage, are to be taken down and re-erected at some distance from the time-honoured domicile. When it

becomes known that no fewer than 36,590 persons crossed the threshold of Burns's birthplace last year, that as many as 2642 visited the cottage in one day, and 5296 in one week of that year, this resolution of the trustees of an almost world-wide pilgrim shrine—who are taking action with a view to obviate the risks of fire—will commend itself to everyone who cherishes the memory of the immortal peasant-bard.

The London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company have received permission from the Postmaster-General to fly the Mail Flag on their steamers conveying the mails between Newhaven and Dieppe.



BEATING THE BOUNDS AT EALING.

Photo by Bridge, Ealing.



BISHOP HALL'S PALACE (NOW THE DOLPHIN INN), NORWICH.

It is said that a scheme is under consideration whereby all lads entering the Postal Service as Telegraph Messengers may be required to join the Army at the age of eighteen, the Postmaster-General reserving to himself the right of selecting the fifty per cent. required to keep up the establishment of postmen. Those lads who join the Army are to have places as postmen provided for them at the end of their service with the colours, if their conduct has been satisfactory. The scheme has many drawbacks, not the least being the fact that a large percentage of the lads who become messengers at thirteen or so may have a disinclination for military service at the end of five years, and it seems hardly fair to bind boys of thirteen to adopt an Army career. Yet, while the authorities are at their wits' ends to get recruits, Master James Kelly has been attempting single-handed, and without undue publicity, to do what he could off his own bat; for in the course of a few months he enlisted in no less than five regiments—all crack ones too—horse, foot, and artillery. Master Kelly's efforts, however, though he added five to the number of recruits required to meet the exigencies of our growing Empire—and might possibly, with time and proper encouragement, have become a whole Army Corps—have been recognised not with the meritorious service medal, but with two months' hard labour. Thus is patriotism rewarded.

Major-General W. Black, C.B., who has just given up command of the Hong-Kong station, has been the recipient of a unique testimonial, in the shape of a beautifully executed address from the Chinese community. The Chinese of Hong-Kong, unlike the natives of India, are enlightened enough to appreciate at their true value the self-sacrificing efforts of the British officers and soldiers in combatting the plague; hence in their address the passage: "The measures which you took, with the approbation of the whole community, were, under the blessing of Heaven, finally successful, and the means of saving countless lives." Major-General Black has fought against other enemies than plague, for he was with the "Forty-Twas" in the Crimea, and served in the Kaffir War of 1878 and the Zulu War of the following year, commanding the party which recovered the lost colours of the 24th Foot.

A curious experiment has been tried by the German military authorities with the view of determining the value of sugar as a ration for troops on active service. Ten of the most weakly men of a company were supplied with sugar, and ten with the ordinary service rations. The sugar-sucking Tommies increased in weight as well as in health and vigour, while the reverse was the case with the other ten. When on the march, a piece of sugar not only relieved hunger, but rendered the men capable of undergoing fatigue which, under other circumstances, they could not have borne. As a result, sugar has been recommended (1) as a supplementary allowance, (2) as a part of the reserve store of provisions for hospitals and fortresses, and (3) as a temporary allowance in the case of men of inferior physique.

The enormous popularity of Handel is always demonstrated at this time of the year by reason of the performance of the "Messiah" in the Albert Hall. Curiously enough, he died on an Easter Eve (April 14, 1759) in his house in Brook Street, of which I give a picture. The full score, music and words, of the "Messiah" has just been issued by the Bagsters for a sixpence. The book measures only five inches by three and a-half, and is, I believe, the only pocket edition of the oratorio ever issued.



25, BROOK STREET, W., WHERE HANDEL DIED.

Photo by Bolas, Oxford Street, W.

Easter Eve (April 14, 1759) in his house in Brook Street, of which I give a picture. The full score, music and words, of the "Messiah" has just been issued by the Bagsters for a sixpence. The book measures only five inches by three and a-half, and is, I believe, the only pocket edition of the oratorio ever issued.

Monday was the thirty-seventh anniversary of the death of Sir John Ross, the great Arctic explorer. There are some Scottish families which resemble that species of firework which burns slowly for a long time and then suddenly bursts out in all directions. The Ross family, of Mr. Crockett's country, was one of those. The grandfather of Sir John and his fathers for fifteen generations had all in their several day and generation been Provosts of Dumfries. Suddenly, about a hundred years ago, the family broke forth into peripatetic activity. One son went abroad to fight Napoleon; another, John, hurled himself against the "North-West Passage." There was a nephew, too, subsequently Sir James Clark Ross, who pushed his way as near the South Pole as the ice would let him. The Sir John whose tomb is at Kensal Green was not so fortunate as some explorers have been. Even then travellers' tales were received with a certain suspicion, and when, as the result of his first Arctic expedition in 1818, he brought back news of a great mountain range which barred Lancaster Sound, there were not wanting voices which disputed the fact. Subsequent explorations proved that the criticism was well founded, and it has since been presumed that Ross was deceived by a mirage. At all events, the "Crocker Mountains," for so he named them, have not been discovered to this day. Nevertheless, Ross did much excellent work of the kind to interest the Geographical Society, which awarded him a gold medal. In a later expedition his ship was wrecked in the ice, and Ross and his comrades were four years in finding their way back to England. It was during these vicissitudes that Ross's nephew, already mentioned, who was one of the party, discovered the magnetic pole.



TOMB OF SIR JOHN ROSS, AT KENSAL GREEN.

Photo by H. C. Shelley.

Except Christmas, no season is so eagerly anticipated as Easter, because it indicates to most of us the disappearance of winter. The recent barometrical topsy-turvy, however, almost obliterated our knowledge of the seasons, but the insistence of Easter—as witnessed by the railway companies' announcements—made the calendar reassert itself—

I see the Spring on fluttering wing;
She pencils Winter's epitaphs:
The cuckoos sing (just see the string
Of periodic paragraphs).
As Eastertide has come and gone—
The summer days will shine anon.

For what although the shower of snow
Bamboozles all the calendar,
And winter's slow to up and go
And rid us of a vile catarrh?
I know that Easter has been here,
And that decides the time o' year.

The papers tell—I know so well
The paragraphic in-advance—
The *Clacton Belle* (she's Winter's knell)
Will scour the Thames or cross to France,
And when my fancy is complete,
I see me on the *Marguerite*.

The buds are bold despite the cold:
The gulls no longer haunt the Park—
And that (I'm told) is well patrolled
By lovers strolling in the dark.
The Spring perhaps is rather late,
And yet the Winter's out of date.

My lady's ruff or sable muff
Is hid in camphor, lest the moth
Should eat the stuff (it's not so tough
As half-a-hundred types of cloth).
She bounces on me in a hat
That makes my heart go pit-a-pat.

The Race was rowed although it snowed,
The omnibuses wore the blue;
The frost bestowed its great-coat load,
While March looked on askance with rue.
But Eastertide has come since then,
To prove that Spring is here again.

It is highly probable that the portrait of the Marquis of Lothian, on which Mr. W. Q. Orchardson has been engaged for some time, will be exhibited in the approaching Academy Exhibition, where it is certain to secure a large share of attention. Schomberg Henry Kerr, ninth Marquis of Lothian, has distinctions sufficient to make him conspicuous were he not indifferent to popularity. Since 1874 he has been Lord Keeper of Privy Seal of Scotland; he is a Knight of the Thistle, LL.D. of Edinburgh University, Captain-General of the Royal Corps of Archers, and President of the Royal Scottish Society of Antiquaries. It is not forgotten, of course, that Lord Lothian was Secretary for Scotland in the last Tory Administration, though the fact that his public career began as far back as 1857, when he was one of Sir J. Outram's staff in Persia, may be. Newbattle Abbey, about seven miles from Edinburgh, is the principal country seat of the Marquis, and here he has exhibited his antiquarian tastes and brought to light the foundations of the ancient Abbey. George IV. visited Newbattle in 1822, and in 1886 the Marquis welcomed her Majesty the Queen in its spacious hall; in the latter year the late Prince Albert was also the guest of the Marquis. There are some notable curios in Newbattle; the most interesting, perhaps, are two alabaster bas-reliefs, found by Sir Henry Layard among the ruins of Nineveh, and the Spanish Armada treasure-chest, with its fourteen bolts

that severally lock with one key. It was in the shady bowers of Newbattle, by the way, that the young Princess Margaret of England awaited, in 1503, her royal lover, James IV., who perished ten years later on Flodden's fated field.

What can a woman not do nowadays? Some time ago I gave a picture of Miss "Toupie" Lowther, a redoubtable fencer. To-day I show you her sister Aimée, also got up as a boy, for she has written a pantomime called "Dream Flower," and frequently appears as the Pierrot of it in the name of charity. Her father is Captain Lowther, R.N., and her mother was the daughter of Edward de Fonblánque, the journalist. Their brother Claude used to be on the staff of Sir Henry Drummond Wolff. My photograph is by Miss Maude Craigie-Halkett.

"Pretty Polly Perkins" threatens to be a Little Old Man of the Sea for me. The Editor of the *Epicure* tells me that, whoever was guilty of the

words, the melody, which had, I think, something to do with the song's popularity, was not original, but was appropriated from a well-known Welsh national song, well-nigh as popular in the Principality as "The March of the Men of Harlech." "I do not remember the name of the Welsh song," he says, "nor, if I remembered, could I trust myself to spell it; but any Welshman will corroborate me."

What an interesting book could be written about Russell, the famous editor of the *Scotsman*! Here is a story which I have just come across in "Eleanor Leslie" (a very careful piece of Catholic biography, by J. M. Stone, recently published). Russell and Dr. Strain, Archbishop of Edinburgh, were once playing cards together, and the prelate won a penny. Russell said, "Now, that penny will be spent on some vile superstition." "Yes," replied the Archbishop, "I will buy a *Scotsman* with it." The irony of it all is that the present editor of the *Scotsman*, Mr. Cooper, is a Catholic.

Mr. Gordon Craig has issued the first number of the second volume of his quaint journal, the *Page*, from the "Sign of the Rose, Hackbridge, Carshalton, Surrey, England." As before, it is bound in brown paper, is printed (one side of the paper only) at Croydon, and contains sixty-eight pages. Most of the illustrations have been designed and cut in wood by Mr. Craig. One picture is of curious interest. It is a

reproduction (apparently of Don Quixote) done in water-colours (in 1890) by Sir Henry Irving. All eccentric essays in journals interest me, and I wish the *Page* increased success now that it has turned over a new leaf and enlarged itself.

We shall never know now why Miss de Verdion abjured her sex and elected to live her life in the garb of a man. She was a native of Berlin, and, on her secret being discovered there, made choice of London

as her future home. On arriving in the Metropolis, she had cards printed, bearing the name of "Dr. John de Verdion," and set up as a teacher of languages. How she looked may be best judged from this contemporary sketch, which reproduces her attire faithfully, and shows her curious method of carrying her umbrella. Nearly every day Miss de Verdion dined at a coffee-house in Furnival's Inn, and her capacity for solid nourishment was such that she is credited with having eaten three pounds of meat on one occasion, and eighteen eggs and a proportionate quantity of bacon on another. No wonder she was wont to affirm that she really could not live under three guineas a-week. Wishing to hide her identity to the last,



A WOMAN WHO LIVED AS A MAN.

this eccentric creature signed her will as "John de Verdion," and that inscription was at first placed on her coffin, to be altered afterwards to "Miss de Verdion." She died in 1802 at the age of fifty-eight, and then found her laureate, who sang her thus—

To follow lovers, women there have been,
Disguis'd as men, who've dar'd the martial scene;
Or, in pursuit of an inconstant swain,
Experienc'd all the dangers of the main.
Not so De Verdion, for some other plan
She laid aside the woman for the man.
Perhaps she thought that female garb and looks
Ill spoke the gravity of German books:
That as a woman she could not pretend
To teach, translate, and literature to vend;
That as a woman she could never be
A Doctor, since 'tis man takes that degree.
Who can deny that a bag-wig denotes
More sense, more consequence, than petticoats?
And probably our hero-heroine knew
That otherwise her nostrum wou'd not do!

The other week (writes a correspondent), there was a reference in "Small Talk of the Week" to the Griersons. By the usual coincidence that, if you talk of angels or otherwise, you will hear the fluttering of

their wings or otherwise, one of the name almost immediately after came into public prominence by throwing a bombshell among the shareholders of the North British Railway, of which he is a director. Griersons are found in the Orkneys, but the best-known family of the name was that settled at Lag, in Dumfries. Sir Robert Grierson of Lag was a noted persecutor of the Covenanters, and his ill-fame in this respect is commemorated in a set of doggerel verses of last century, called: "Lag's Elegy on the Prince of Darkness' Lamentation for his Trusty and Well-beloved Friend Sir Robert Grierson of Lag." He was responsible for the infamous martyrdom of women by drowning in the Solway, and his title of baronet was given him by James II. for this activity in the service of the Church and the State of the day. Retribution, however, ultimately

overtook him. His son, to whom he had transferred his estates, went out in the rebellion of 1715, and was attainted for high treason, the ancestral lands being all forfeited to the Crown in consequence. The family trace their descent from Malcolm Macgregor, a chief of the fourteenth century.



MELLIN'S FOOD AS A SUBJECT FOR FANCY-DRESS.

Photo by Langflier, Glasgow.

Of the commercial value attaching to the Jewish Colonial Trust, whose prospectus went broadcast through the world in the beginning of last week, I leave others to speak. The most curious feature in connection with a publication that marks an era in Jewish history is the composition of the Council. It consists of twenty gentlemen, of whom six are Doctors of Medicine and four are Counsellors at Law. The remaining ten include two merchants, two engineers, two Professors of Theology, an author (Dr. Herzl), an architect, a Doctor of Chemistry, and a Civil Servant. The Council of Twenty is gathered from all countries, Austria and Russia being responsible for most of them, and the Board of Directors has no Englishman on its list. Surely the world has never seen a stranger undertaking than this endeavour to restore the oldest nation to its country through the medium of a limited liability company, and yet the people who have some right to speak are very sanguine, and believe the success of the movement is nearer than the uninitiated imagine. Certain it is that the politicians and diplomats among the Council have paved the way for the movement, and that no small part of Jewish history will be written in the next few months if the Colonial Trust prospers as its friends wish. None the less, two millions are not readily raised, and it is a notable fact that the wealthiest Jews of England, to whom the raising of such a sum would offer no difficulties, are not in active sympathy with the Zionist movement, on whose behalf the Colonial Trust appeals.

I enjoyed a simple but curious experience last week, when, within twenty-four hours, I strolled twice along Piccadilly, first with a friend from the country who has not been in London for nearly five years; secondly with a detective who has not been out of London, except in pursuit of some criminal, since the Queen's first Jubilee. Those of us who love town and know it fairly well must be surprised to receive two impressions varying so completely. My country friend was astonished at the growth of big buildings, delighted with the traffic, and in a perpetual ecstacy of admiration at all he saw and heard. The detective, on the other hand, appeared to be quite oblivious of the signs that signified the return of London to town, though he, doubtless, noted them; he was content to keep a sharp eye on the men and women who went about on foot, and between St. James's Hall and St. James's Club drew my attention to half-a-dozen people, all criminals. You would have cheerfully gone bail for one or all of them, and yet they included a blackmailer, a member of the swell-mob, a dog-stealer, and others of lesser degree who would be compelled to go through what is left to them of life with the disagreeable knowledge that they are known to the police but for the fact that they do not recognise men in plain clothes among their enemies. If the conversation of the countryman and the detective could have been placed side by side, nobody would have imagined that the words constituted two impressions of one and the same scene.

The grave of "A. K. H. B.," the famous essayist and preacher, in the Cathedral burying-ground at St. Andrews, promises to become a strong attraction for visitors to the North. Every day there is a constant stream of visitors to the spot. The grave is in the lower part of the cemetery, near the side entrance-gate. Over it is erected a handsome marble cross to commemorate the death of his first wife. Close beside

it are the graves of his friends, Principal Tulloch and Bishop Wordsworth; and the dust of Samuel Rutherford, Robert Chambers, and Lord Playfair lies not far off. Severe as the weather is, the grave is at present covered with beautiful spring flowers, daily renewed by loving hands.

A clever trick played by the men who distribute and put up theatrical bills and posters, was exposed to me quite recently by a touring manager whom no bill-poster can deceive. In the days of his youth and inexperience, my friend would arrive at a town on tour and look out for his posters. When he saw them liberally displayed on the boardings he was well content. At last it

eyes. He proceeded to make very careful inquiries, and learned the habit of a class of the provincial bill-poster. Doubtless there are many honest men among them, but the others make it their business to know where manager and company are looking out for lodgings, and devote all their attention to the roads that lead from station to rooms and from rooms to theatre. The rest of the town may safely go untouched, and in every town the people who live by taking in professional lodgers are well known, so that the question of the manager's route is very easily answered.

This silver challenge shield has been designed and manufactured by Mappin and Webb to the order of Earl Grey, and presented by him to the National Co-operative Festival. The shield is of sterling silver, mounted upon a bronze and oak back, surmounted by a finely modelled figure of Victory. Below is a plaque bearing an engraving of the Crystal Palace, where the festival is held annually. The remainder of the design consists of appropriate trophies of musical instruments, relieved by floral decoration. Surrounding the border are smaller shields for the purpose of recording the winning choir's name each year. These shields are supported upon branches of laurel, entwined with the names of eminent composers. The conditions upon which the shield is held are as follows—

The shield shall be awarded to the Society whose choir wins the highest number of merit marks, and shall become the property of the Society first winning it in three annual competitions, not necessarily consecutive.

The shield has been awarded to be held in trust by the Bradford Co-operative Society, Yorkshire, for the present year, as their choir made the best score in 1898 with ninety-four points. A great popular gathering was held at Bradford on the 25th ult., when Mr. Greening, Chairman of the Festival, publicly presented the shield on behalf of Earl Grey.

A new set of bloodhound trials came off on Tuesday of last week. Last autumn, trials took place in Yorkshire, and proved successful, but not sufficiently extended to be very useful. On Tuesday, Mr. Edwin Brough and Colonel Joynson ran their dogs against each other over five miles of ground after a man with clean boots and two hours' start. The match took place near Aylesbury, over a fine tract of hunting country. Colonel Joynson won the toss, and his hounds, Hubert and Helga, had the first trial. Mr. Harding Cox was judge, and a number of interested spectators were able to view the five-mile run from a convenient eminence. Half a gale of wind spoiled the scent, and the Colonel's hounds were obliged to give in after doing four out of the five miles. In the afternoon Mr. Brough's hounds essayed their trial over a different five miles of country, and with the scent two hours old. The hunting was at times very pretty, and when the line was favourable the pace was quite fast; both hounds, Kickshaw and Clotho, when at fault cast back on their trail for the line they had missed, and were seldom long in getting to work. Altogether they gave a most interesting exhibition, and publicly proved that bloodhounds can be trained to follow a cold scent two hours old.

Mr. Brough tells me that he begins training his dogs (when they are quite pups of three or four months) to hunt one of the kennelmen. The man, after playing with them, runs off two or three hundred yards and hides. Another man with the pups then takes them over the trail, encouraging them the while, until they find their quarry, who rewards them with some titbit. They soon get to know what is required, and, when once they get their heads down and sniff the trail, they improve rapidly. As they progress, difficulties are placed in the way, hedges jumped, brooks crossed, the hunted man's trail is crossed by others, and so on. After a little while a stranger takes the place of the kennelman, and very soon the hounds are able to work out a fairly fresh trail without difficulty. Then, as the dogs become more proficient, a longer start is given the hunted man; consequently the scent is much colder and more difficult, and frequently hounds will now have to cast back when they overrun or miss the line. Most bloodhounds have a natural instinct of casting about or trying back when at fault, and they should be left to work the fault out by themselves as long as possible before being aided, and they thus soon become self-reliant. Mr. Brough always trains his hounds to hunt singly, as well as in couples.

Most bloodhounds run perfectly mute when hunting man, but give tongue freely when hunting any wild animal, and their note is full of music, sonorous, bell-like, and deep. When full-grown they require two or three hours' good exercise daily to keep them fit for hunting, and anyone with a little open country and a couple or so of hounds can, with the aid of a friend, have as pretty a bit of hound-work as one could wish, with the advantage of laying the trail to suit time and circumstances. Mrs. Oliphant also has a famous kennel of bloodhounds.



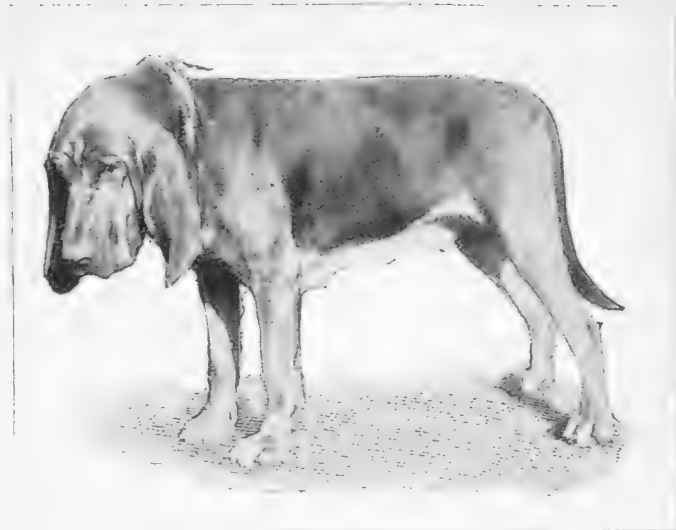
"A. K. H. B.'S" GRAVE.

befell that he visited a town to which the printers had been able to send only a few posters, because their old stock was being replaced by new ones that were not quite ready. To the manager's surprise, the road between the station and his rooms was ablaze with the advertisements, so was the road from his rooms to the theatre. This opened his

THE BLOODHOUND TRIALS.



MR. BROUGH'S CHAMPION BENEDICTA.



MR. BROUGH'S BROCADE.



COLONEL JOYNSON AND HIS HUBERT THE SECOND.



MR. EDWIN BROUGH AND HIS CHAMPION BARBAROSSA.



MR. AND MRS. OLIPHANT.



LAYING ON THE TRAIL.

CHOATEIANA.

SOME EARLY PLAYGOING MEMORIES.

Mr. Choate, the new American Ambassador, has long been recognised as one of the greatest wits in the United States. Of the many bright and graceful things he has said, the one which is, perhaps, best known and most often referred to partakes of the nature of a compliment which he paid to his wife. They were at a dinner-party, and the conversation turned on the people one would like to be if one were not oneself. "Who would you like to be, Mr. Choate, if you were not yourself?" asked someone. He paused for a moment, as if thinking of the great men of the world, but his eyes were moving to the other end of the table, where his wife was seated. They rested on her a moment, and he replied, "If I could not be myself, I should like to be Mrs. Choate's second husband."

Nor less graceful or apt was his tribute to women in general, which should make him in high favour with the whole womanhood of the country. It was at a public dinner at the most famous restaurant in New York. The ladies were in the gallery to hear the speeches, although they were not allowed to be present at the banquet. In the course of his speech, Mr. Choate looked up admiringly at the gallery, and exclaimed, "Now I understand what the Scripture phrase means, 'Thou madest man a little lower than the angels.'"

At another dinner he toasted women in the following way: "Women, the better half of the Yankee world, at whose summons even the stern Pilgrims were ever ready to spring to arms, and without whose aid they could never have achieved the historic title of the Pilgrim Fathers. The Pilgrim Mothers were more devoted martyrs than were the Pilgrim Fathers, because they had not only to bear with the same hardships that the Pilgrim Fathers suffered, but they had to bear with the Pilgrim Fathers besides."

In Court he was as fearless as he was quick-witted. Once, when he was addressing the Court on a very important matter, one of the Judges turned his chair round and began to talk to one of his associates, without paying any attention to Mr. Choate. Mr. Choate noticed the fact, stopped in his speech, and looked up at the Judges. The pause was felt by everybody, and the Judge, turning round, looked inquiringly at the lawyer. "Your Honour," he said, "I have just forty minutes in which to make my final argument. I shall not only need every second of that time to do it justice, but I shall also need your undivided attention." The Judge looked up, recognised the justice of the claim, and replied, "You shall have it."

On another occasion, while arguing the validity of the Income Tax before the United States Supreme Court, he referred to the Mutual Insurance Companies, which were exempted, and said, "A Mutual Insurance Company is a moneyed monster. It lives upon money. It swallows money. It digests money. It breathes money. It lays golden eggs by the basket, and then rolls a few of its coils around them and hatches them into further accumulations."

In a certain case he was opposed to a lawyer named Parsons, and a witness was called, who declared, among other things, that the family had family prayers morning and night. "Family prayers?" asked Mr. Parsons in a questioning tone. "Family prayers," replied the witness. "Yes," interjected Mr. Choate, "family prayers. Don't you know what they are, brother Parsons?"

A few years ago he was examining a famous stockbroker, who refused to speak as loudly as was desired. At length Mr. Choate urged him to the attempt. "Speak louder!" he exclaimed. "Speak as loud as if you were buying a thousand shares of 'M.K.T.' on the Stock Exchange," "M.K.T." being the initials of Missouri, Kansas, and Texas Railway, in which the financier was interested.

Mr. Richard Croker, the "boss" of Tammany, once twitted Mr. Choate in a political speech with being an attorney for Trusts and Corporations and rich men, adding that, unlike his illustrious kinsman, Rufus Choate, he had never taken a case from a poor man. Mr. Choate, who had once acted as counsel for Mr. Croker, replied, "If Mr. Croker will let his mind go back a few years, he will doubtless recall that I took a case for a client who was, on his own sworn testimony, a poor man," and thus turned the tables completely on him. In one of the most recent electioneering campaigns in New York during the mayoralty campaign a couple of years ago, he adapted the famous Mother Goose rhyme to meet the exigencies of the situation. He was describing the alliance between the two great opposing political parties, the Democrats and Republicans, in order to bring about the defeat of a candidate who was equally objectionable to both, and he was aiding Mr. Croker's candidate in every way. Pausing for a moment in his description of the alliance between the two political parties, he exclaimed—

"Tom Platt
Could eat no fat,
Croker could eat no lean,
And so between them both,
I quoth,
They licked the platter clean."

Mr. Choate's success at the Bar has always been one of the remarkable subjects of comment, for his income from that source has been greater, perhaps, than almost any other man's in New York. It is stated that he generally made at least £20,000 a-year, and his fees in a single case have amounted to as much. Still, as he always declares, he went to New York quite unknown, and with only a single letter of introduction in his pocket. That letter, however, he smilingly admits, was from his distinguished relative, Rufus Choate, to the lawyer whose partner he subsequently became.

The death of Mrs. Keeley has called up some old playgoing memories of the days when she was delighting the Adelphi audiences with "Jack Sheppard." I had read Harrison Ainsworth's novel, and I went to see the dramatic version of it on the Adelphi stage. The spirit with which Mrs. Keeley played the hero made one forget entirely that she was personating a malefactor whose actual career ended on the scaffold. She carried with her the warmest sympathy of the audience, in spite of her criminal surroundings. Paul Bedford as Blueskin, and Mrs. Keeley as Jack Sheppard, with their songs of "Nix my dolly pals" and "Jolly Nose," formed a picturesque and humorous contrast which has never faded from my memory.

The Adelphi in those days was not exclusively the home of the domestic drama. It offered a variety of attractions, such as "Jim Crow" and "The Gnome-Fly," alternating with dramas like "The Wreck Ashore," in which I saw John Reeve as Marmaduke Magog, and "Victorine," in which Mrs. Yates played the heroine. "Jim Crow" became quite an institution, of which we still have a tradition in nigger minstrels. "The Gnome-Fly" was a man who was made-up like a monster fly, who crawled across the roof of the theatre by means of some sort of concealed contrivance, and who was expected every moment to fall and be killed. But this kind of excitement did not suit all tastes, and I don't think "The Gnome-Fly" had a long career.

One of my most picturesque recollections of the theatre is of "The Tempest," played at Covent Garden when it was, I think, under the management of Macready. Miss P. Horton played Ariel, and sang "Where the Bee Sucks" most delightfully. She was then a slender, girlish figure exactly suited to the character she assumed. Many long years afterwards, I was at the opening of one of the South Kensington Exhibitions, and stood next to a stout lady, who, with her husband, was waiting to see the procession pass along one of the galleries. I marvelled when I learned that this lady was Mrs. German Reed, formerly Miss P. Horton, the Ariel of my youthful playgoing days. Mrs. German Reed died during the influenza epidemic of 1895.

While Macready held Covent Garden, he revived several of Shakspeare's plays, the most delightful, to me, being "As You Like It." In it I saw for the first time another celebrated actress, Miss Helen Faucit (afterwards Lady Theodore Martin). Miss Faucit played Rosalind, and a most charming Rosalind I thought her. She lives in my memory as the very impersonation of grace and refinement. Macready himself was the melancholy Jaques, Anderson was Orlando, Harley was Touchstone, and Mrs. Humby was Audrey. It has been said that Shakspeare means ruin to a theatrical manager. I do not know whether this proved to be the case with Macready during his lesseeship of Covent Garden, but his Shakspeare revivals were produced with a lavish disregard of cost. The most splendid as regards dresses and scenic effect was "Henry V.," Macready playing the King.

When I was a young playgoer, Madame Vestris was the lessee of the Olympic Theatre, and Liston, Keeley, Farren, and Mrs. Orger were members of her company, which a little later on also included Frank and Charles Mathews. I remember going to the Olympic on the first night of a new piece by George Dance, called "Isaac Walton," founded on "The Complete Angler," wherein Farren played the title-character, and Madame Vestris played the milkmaid, and sang "Come live with me and be my love." I thought Madame Vestris altogether charming, and the piece was very pretty, but it did not touch the sympathies of the Olympic audience, and was soon withdrawn. At this theatre I saw Liston and Keeley in the most laughable farce I think I ever beheld. It was called "An Affair of Honour," and turned on the rivalry of two army officers (represented by Liston and Keeley), who were both in love with the same lady. The lady, however, favoured the regimental surgeon in preference to the others. The doctor reasoned with his unsuspecting rivals, and persuaded them that to fight a duel about the lady, which they proposed to do, would be absurd and sure to provoke the lady's anger. He assured them it would be much more reasonable to resort to pills rather than to pistols, and, with their consent, he prepared two pills, one of which was supposed to contain a deadly poison, the other being harmless. Needless to say they were both harmless; but the fun lay in the grimaces of the two rivals when they cast lots to decide who was to take the first pill, and afterwards, when the stage was divided and showed two separate chambers, in which the belligerents were seen, each expecting the fatal action of the poisoned pill. In the meantime the doctor made off with the lady.

I first saw Mrs. Nesbit at what was then called the Queen's Theatre, in Tottenham Street, Tottenham Court Road, afterwards the scene of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft's many triumphs. I thought Mrs. Nesbit the most beautiful creature I had ever seen. She played in a piece where she was dressed as a young officer, and had to fight a duel. The mixture of real fear and pretended courage was most amusing, and it was all done with so much grace and vivacity that the laughter always ended with heartiest applause.

Since the period I have been recalling, the number of theatres in London has been more than doubled, and the dramatic profession is now regarded by educated men as a field that offers opportunities for distinction and lucrative employment equal to the so-called "learned professions." At one time "play-actors" were considered by certain straitlaced people as disreputable persons. An old friend of mine, an artist, in his bachelor days once took lodgings in the Bloomsbury district; but, when the landlady came to know that he was an artist, she refused to ratify the agreement, saying that she never took into her house artists or actors!

M. JAY.

THE COUNTESS RUSSELL AS THE RUNAWAY GIRL.

From Photographs by H. Yeo, Plymouth.



LADY RUSSELL AS WINIFRED GRAY, MR. HARRY PHYDORA AS FLIPPER, AND MR. BERT HASLAM AS GUY STANLEY.



THE COUNTESS RUSSELL IN ORDINARY LIFE.



HER LADYSHIP AS "ONLY A POOR LITTLE SINGING-GIRL."

THE LIFE OF GEORGE BORROW.

It has been the good fortune of the house of Murray to publish the works and ultimately the Life of two of the most brilliant and two of the most often-discussed characters in English literature. Both of them had



GEORGE BORROW.

From "Memoirs and Letters of George Borrow," by Professor Knapp. (John Murray.)

a surname beginning with B, both of them were christened George, each had a strong strain of the Celt in his character, and each many people would be inclined to say was rather a blackguard of genius. One was George Byron, and the other George Borrow. Byron's Life was written by Moore some seventy years ago, and has been the subject of boundless discussion ever since. Borrow's Life is written only to-day, and the author is Professor Knapp. It is published by Mr. John Murray in two substantial volumes. This is a book Borrowians will read with unqualified delight. Those who have not entered into the spirit of Borrow will find it dull; those who think that the ideal biography is the presentation of facts about a man's life, and not a lot of gossip and opinions concerning the man's

works, will be perfectly satisfied with what Professor Knapp has done. He has brought together an immense mass of miscellaneous material about Borrow, he has traced and verified his origin—hitherto only to be taken on his own very doubtful word—and the story of his birth at East Dereham, his life in Norwich, his marriage with Mrs. Clarke, his wonderful travels and his wonderful books, is well set forth here. To gauge the gulf which separates our knowledge of Borrow, before and after the publication of this biography, one has only to read Mr. Egmont Hake's sketch in the "Dictionary of National Biography"—an excellent compendium of all available information about Borrow up to 1886—and compare it with Professor Knapp's work. I do not hesitate to declare that we have here one of the most valuable contributions to biographical literature that has been seen for some years.

C. K. S.

GEORGE BORROW'S SUMMER-HOUSE.

A few years ago the British public permitted, without a word of remonstrance, the pulling-down of the old house at Oulton, near Lowestoft, in which George Henry Borrow, the author of "Lavengro" and "The Romany Rye," dwelt during the greater part of the latter half of his life. It was, in Borrow's time, an isolated house—a fact which, no doubt, commended it to the solitude-loving "Walking Lord of Gipsy Lore"—standing on the brink of one of the largest of the East Anglian Broads, and on the border of a far-spreading tract of marshland. Access to it was more easily obtained by water than by land, and for this reason it was seldom sought out by strangers. Borrow's visitors there were mostly men of the marshes—fishermen, eel-catchers, and flight-shooters, who, like himself, loved the wild life of the lowlands and the lowland streams. A dusky ridge of firs sheltered the house from the keen winds that swept across the forsaken fenlands, and the little garden that sloped down to the bank of the Broad was almost hidden behind the rustling culms of a reed-shoal. Low-hulled wherries with large red-brown sails glided slowly by on their inland voyages between the coast and the lowland towns; but there were few white-winged yachts among them, for the pleasure-seeker had not then discovered the Broadland.

Here, Borrow, soon after his return from his journeyings in Russia, France, Italy, and Spain, set to work on his "Bible in Spain." "At first," he writes, "I proceeded slowly—sickness was in the land, and the face of Nature was overcast—heavy rain-clouds swam in the heavens, the blast howled amid the pines which nearly surround my lonely dwelling, and the waters of the lake which lies before it, so quiet in general and tranquil, were fearfully agitated." Often he was not in the mood for literary work; and then he would amuse himself by "catching huge pike, which lie perdue in certain deep ponds, upon my land, and to which there is a communication from the lagoon by a deep and narrow watercourse." When the summer came, however, he "recalled the sunny days he had spent in Andalusia," and remembered "The Bible in Spain." "So," as he says, "I hastened to my summer-house by the side of the lake, and there I thought and wrote, until I had finished 'The Bible in Spain.'"

Although the old house has disappeared, and a modern villa now occupies its place amid the pines, the summer-house of which Borrow writes is still standing in much the same condition that it was when he made it his favourite resort. It is just visible to those who row and sail through the little bight in the Broad now known as Borrow's Ham.

In it he wrote "Lavengro," "The Bible in Spain," and "The Romany Rye"—books which have made his name familiar to those, in all parts of the world, whose approval of literary work is most worth having. When he used it as a study and writing-room, it was lined with books, including, according to one who visited him there, as many as a hundred lexicons. He is also said to have kept a soldier's coat and sword which had belonged to his father—who was a captain and adjutant of the West Norfolk Militia in the days of the great Napoleon—constantly hanging on the wall before him. The Oulton villagers, who were mostly fishermen and wherry-men, and therefore often from home, knew little of Borrow and less of the work he did in his lonely retreat: they looked upon him as a queer kind of recluse, whose few chosen companions were the swarthy-Gipsies who camped on the waste lands not far from his home. Baron Alderson, the distinguished Judge who presided at the famous Rush murder trial, and whose country-house was at Lowestoft, sometimes drove over to see Borrow, and doubtless, in the course of their converse in the little summer-house, quoted from his favourite Horace. Perhaps, too, he may even have ventured to read some of the verses he was fond of writing on passing incidents in the fashionable world; but these would hardly be likely to gain much commendation from Borrow, whose mind was not adapted for the appreciation of such trivialities. Edward FitzGerald, who was also then a resident at the neighbouring seaport, was probably a more welcome visitor, though it is difficult to judge whether his translation of Omar Khayyám was calculated to arouse the enthusiasm of one who considered Cowper the greatest poet that ever lived.

Few of the summer holiday-makers who now sail the waters of Oulton Broad are aware that Borrow lived so long and died in that quiet corner of his loved East Anglia, and the summer-house in which he wrote is no more to most of them than one of the eel-catchers' house-boats or reed-cutters' rafts that lie moored in the many sedgy creeks. Borrow's name is almost forgotten in the neighbourhood, though there are a few persons living in Oulton village who can remember the tall, gaunt figure that, wearing a kind of stage-conspirator's cloak and wide-brimmed hat, used, in the dusk of evening, to stalk along the lonely country lanes that wind in and out among the meadows around the Broad. He, the Romanies *lavengro*, or book-fellow, the friend of the fighting-men, and the agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, died at Oulton on July 26, 1881, having long before that time dropped out of the knowledge of the wider world of London life, for which he had so little liking. As he chose in his declining years to live a life apart from his fellow-men, it cannot have been a wholly uncongenial one to him. He loved the lonely



BORROW'S SUMMER-HOUSE.

lowlands, where the sunsets are so grand, and the wildfowl haunt the misty meres, and, as one of his few literary friends has said, "He could draw more poetry from a wide-spreading marsh with its straggling rushes than from the most beautiful scenery, and would stand and look at it with rapture."

WILLIAM A. DUTT.





MR. SEYMOUR HICKS, THE WELL-KNOWN ACTOR, AND HIS WIFE, BORN MISS ELLALINE TERRISS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.

SCHOOL-BOYS AS 'TOMMIES.'

From Photographs by Fry, Brighton.

CHARTERHOUSE CADETS.



MARLBOROUGH CADETS.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

Among the most successful of the younger generation of miniature-painters of to-day must be numbered Miss Nora Jones, whose Exhibition of Miniatures, under the patronage of Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, has just been held at Clifford's Gallery, in the Haymarket, jointly with that of Miss C. Lilian Sheppard's Water-Colour Drawings of Egypt, the private view of which took place on March 25. On several occasions Miss Nora Jones has been well represented in the Royal Academy, and she has frequently exhibited at the Grafton Galleries and at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, as well as at all the principal provincial exhibitions, where also her name and work are well known. Some of her most recent successes include portraits of the Countess of Warwick (or, to give her the more correct title, the Countess Brooke and of Warwick), Miss Maud Jeffries, of "Sign of the Cross" fame, Miss Julia Neilson, the actress, Miss Grace Dudley, Mr. Clifford Essex, and Miss Evelyn Philbrick, who is now taking, on tour in the provinces, Miss Mary Moore's part in the recent Criterion success, "The Liars," and who is the daughter of that well-known County Court Judge and philatelist, Judge Philbrick.

Miss Nora Jones, who obtained a studentship at the Royal Academy Schools, where she went through the usual course of training, is a member of the Society of Miniature-Painters and Society of Miniaturists, and the life-like appearance of her portraits has always been a particularly noticeable feature of her work, a result, no doubt, largely due to her habit of making it a practice to paint from sittings whenever practicable, and to use the photograph as little as possible—a course which many others might adopt with advantage to themselves and their art.

What Mr. Tate has been to London, Mr. John R. Findlay, the late proprietor of the *Scotsman*, has been to Edinburgh. Time after time the spirit of munificence has prompted him to add to the city's art treasures, and the National Portrait Gallery will ever remain as a striking monument of his generosity and artistic sense. By the terms of his will, seven more statues are to be placed in the niches of the Portrait Gallery, and are to be executed by the leading Scottish sculptors, Mr. Pittendrigh Macgillivray, Mr. Hubert Paton, Mr. Birnie Rhind, and the



ANGELE.

From a Miniature by Miss Nora Jones.

Messrs. Stevenson. Mr. Macgillivray, whose work has rapidly brought him to the pinnacle of Scottish sculpture, is to be responsible for Viscount Stair and Dr. Hunter, Mr. Hubert Paton (a son of the late Mr. Waller Paton, R.S.A., and a nephew of Sir Noel Paton) is to depict Sir James Douglas, Mr. W. G. Stevenson is to execute the statue of Gavin Douglas, Mr. D. W. Stevenson that of Dr. Hunter, Mr. John Hutchison will apply his experienced hand to John Knox, and Mr. Birnie Rhind is to be the sculptor for the figure in stone of Sir David Lindsay of the Mount.

Mr. W. D. Hole, R.S.A., who has just completed the decoration of the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, has earned distinction in many branches of art, but, although considerable fame has come to him as a painter, there seems little doubt that he will be chiefly remembered as one of the most brilliant etchers of the latter half of this century. His etching of Velasquez' "Adrian Pulidoparega" stands out among the few triumphs of the reproductive etcher's work of the higher kind which our modern days have produced, and his other work of a similar nature shows distinction in every line. Mr. Hole will be remembered by many Edinburgh men as the illustrator of the famous volume of University Professors and Lecturers, entitled "Quasi Cursores," in which the characteristic features, Academic and otherwise, of the various teachers are depicted with a skill that places the work very high in its own order of art. Particularly happy is the figure of Masson enveloped in smoke and having as his guardian angels his beloved Milton and Carlyle. This volume is long out of print, and is very rare.

The Sir Kenelm Digby by whose means Vandyck was introduced to the King was one of the most picturesque personalities of the seventeenth century. He was philosopher, theologian, mathematician, metaphysician, politician, and commander by land and sea. His father, Sir Everard Digby, was executed for his share in the Roman Catholic rising at the time of the Gunpowder Plot, and his son was brought up by his guardians as a Protestant. In 1621, after his terms at Oxford, Sir Kenelm went abroad and travelled in Italy, France, and Spain. On

his return he was knighted and was made Commissioner of the Navy. In 1628, at the head of a small squadron equipped by himself, he sailed against the Algerines, and afterwards defeated the Venetians at Scanderoon. At this time he joined the Church of Rome. In 1638 he was imprisoned for espousing the cause of the King, but was liberated, and settled in France, where he pursued his studies among men like Descartes. He was afterwards allowed to return to England, and was on good terms with Cromwell, using his influence to reconcile the Catholics to the Protectorate. He turned his attention to astrology

and alchemy, and urged on Vandyck in his pursuit of the "Philosopher's stone" which was to cure his gout and ailments. He invented what is now called a "sympathetic cure" for gunpowder wounds, which was believed to be entirely efficacious. The mysterious powder was supposed to cure a wound if applied to the sword that inflicted it. To remove warts, Sir Kenelm recommends "the hands to be washed in an empty basin into which the moon shines."

Sir Kenelm adored his lovely wife, Venetia Anastasia, daughter of Sir Edward Stanley, of Shropshire, and spent much time in manufacturing cosmetics which should preserve her beauty for ever. If he could not achieve this *scientifically*, he has certainly done it *artistically*. Many are the lovely portraits we have of her by Vandyck and others. Mrs. Jamieson has described the full-length portrait of her by Vandyck at Windsor as "the most beautiful and impressive female portrait I ever saw," and she continues, "How I have longed, when gazing at it, to conjure her out of her frame, and bid her reveal the secret of her mysterious life and death!" She is represented treading on serpents, to imply that the stories told of her were the produce of malice. Vandyck painted her even after she was dead. She was found one morning sitting up in bed, leaning her head on her hand, and lifeless—and thus she is painted. The picture belongs to Lord Spencer. Lord Clarendon says, "She was of extraordinary beauty and extraordinary fame," and Mrs. Jamieson that "her husband loved her to madness, or was mad before he loved her." Besides innumerable portraits and miniatures of this beautiful creature, there are two bronze busts of her. Sir Kenelm was frequently painted too, and Horace Walpole describes a fine family portrait by Vandyck of himself, his wife, and his two sons. He died in 1665.



ROY.—E. THORNTON-CLARKE.

Exhibited at the Society of Miniaturists.

This miniature has been painted on ivory by Mr. E. Thornton-Clarke, who is a member of the Society of Miniaturists. He studied at South Kensington, gaining honours, also in Paris under Benjamin-Constant and Bouguereau, and has exhibited at the Academy.

THE OLDEST INDUSTRY IN BRITAIN.

Time was, and that not so many years ago, when there were upwards of a hundred and fifty mines in Cornwall from which a rich harvest of copper and tin was reaped. Of all the industries in Great Britain, Cornish mining is probably the oldest. There are some who claim that



TRAMMING THE STUFF.

Photo by J. C. Burrow, Camborne.

in the time of Ezekiel, Cornwall was famed for its tin. It is certain that, long before Julius Cæsar visited these shores, the Phœnicians had discovered the rich minerals in the Western Peninsula, and they were not in a hurry to tell any other peoples of their discovery.

In all the succeeding centuries Cornwall has been famous for its tin, its copper, and its fish. These three commodities form the county toast—the three Cornish minerals, they are still styled. More fortunes have probably been made and lost in the mines of Cornwall than in any other British industry. One after another famous mine that in years gone by had yielded rich profits have had to be shut down, after ruining many of the shareholders—"adventurers," they are called, since until quite recently the limited liability principle was scoffed at, and the unlimited liability (and unlimited profits oftentimes) of the cost-book system persevered in. Many Cornishmen can remember when there were a hundred and fifty mines working; now there are less than a dozen. You may often chance across an old adventurer who will tell you, in the pleasant, soft dialect of his birthplace, of the romance of earlier days, before the easily gathered tin of the Straits Settlements flooded the market. To take one instance. There was once a little group of mines known as the United Mines. When first started, the adventurers divided among them £300,000; then they exhausted the rich copper-ore, and a time of depression followed, with the result that £50,000 was lost before hope was abandoned and the mine shut down. Work was stopped, but only for a time. After other not very successful attempts to imitate the prosperity of the early adventurers, a capital of £16,000 was obtained in two hundred shares of £80 each, and work was once again started. The adventurers were fortunate; good, profitable ore was found, and the profits were fabulous. The market value of the company rose very quickly from less than £16,000 to £190,000, and at one time the fortunate shareholders were dividing as much as £4000 a-month between them. Of course, the lode was eventually exhausted, and to-day the mines are flooded with water.

Cornishmen—good Methodists that they are—love a mining gamble, and they have recently had one reminiscent of old days. In January 1897 tin was selling at between £56 and £59 a ton, and throughout that year it remained depressed and never reached £63; but last year the production from the Straits Settlements fell off, and the consumption of tin increased. Gradually the price crept up, month after month, from under £63 to £83 15s., which was the price in December last. Then the upward movement, thanks largely to the great speculations of French and English financiers, and the falling off in the production of tin in the

Straits Settlements, continued in leaps and bounds, until the tin that was selling two years ago at £56 is now fetching nearly twice that sum. At the same time, owing to improved machinery, the cost of preparing the tin for the market has decreased by nearly one-fifth. Cornishmen of sanguine hopes who held on to their shares through the dark days of depression have experienced all the old joy of the successful adventurer of prosperous days, and it would be rash to conclude that even £110 is the top price. This sudden rise, it is hoped, may prove more or less permanent—until the next period of depression casts its shadow over the county. Meanwhile, the return on every ton of tin is so good that gradually the mines are again taking their places on the dividend-paying list, mines recently closed down are being reopened, and old workings are being examined with a view to renewed operations.

One of the difficulties that Cornishmen had to contend with, so long as the price of tin was low, was the cost of bringing the metal to the surface. The mines have been worked for so many years that the miner now has to burrow further and further into the bowels of the earth for the ore. The Great Doleoath Mine, the oldest and most prosperous in the county, that has paid millions to shareholders in the past, has now reached a depth of 2250 feet, equal to over half-a-mile, while in some mines good seams of tin or copper have led the miners to dig right under the sea. At Lelant Mine, near the Land's End, where there are forty miles of mine workings, most of the dark galleries run out under the Atlantic, one of them to the extent of nearly a mile. Fancy the sensation, day after day and night after night—for the economical use of machinery requires a two-shift system of work—of grovelling in these submarine cuttings, with the Atlantic rolling above one's head, at any time liable to burst through the natural ceiling. Yet several hundred men are thus engaged, and think nothing of the risk. Not a mile away is Botallack Mine, down which the Princess of Wales was once taken. It is 1050 feet deep, and portions of it run for a third of a mile under the sea-bed. It is one of the scores of deserted mines in the county.

There are few sights in Cornwall more weirdly picturesque than that of the miners coming up from their work on the man-engine ladder. This consists of a long, stout wooden beam reaching down, down, down, with a succession of steps at regular intervals. At the side of the shaft are landing-places, also at regular intervals. The beam moves up and down, up and down, a few feet. As the steps come level with the platforms, the men move off on to them, and are raised a few feet, until they reach the little platforms above those on which they were before;



ASCENDING ON THE MAN-ENGINE LADDER.

Photo by J. C. Burrow, Camborne.

there they wait while the beam slowly descends, and, in a few seconds, other steps invite them to go a little higher, and so, stepping on and off the moving beam, they are raised gradually to the surface. It is a scene never to be forgotten, to stand at the top of the shaft at the close of a winter's afternoon, and peer down, watching the beam rhythmically rising and falling, the chasm lit by the candles the miners have rudely stuck, with clay, to their hats.

ARCHIBALD S. HURD.



MISS WINIFRED JONES AS JANE IN HER FATHER, MR. H. A. JONES'S, PLAY,
"THE MANŒUVRES OF JANE."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LALLIE GARET-CHARLES, TITCHFIELD ROAD, N.W.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

There has been a good deal of discussion about the disposal of the late Mahdi's remains, and without doubt, even to those sufficiently imbued with Imperial instincts, it seems a strange and shocking thing to war on the dead and to fling the bones of even a false prophet into the Nile. And yet it is doubtful whether any good Mohammedan would have objected to the action; it is beyond question that our own mediæval history and that of other civilised nations offers countless parallel instances of what is called "desecration." The conditions of life in the Soudan and the Mohammedan world generally are largely mediæval: the habit of mind among Mohammedans is one out of which we grew four centuries ago. The Mahdi was a rebel chief and a heretic prophet in one. As a rebel chief, his tomb was the visible centre of a political movement; as a false prophet, his remains were a possible source of miracle-working and fanatical enthusiasm.

That is the reason why heretics were burnt to ashes, and the ashes sprinkled on water, during the Middle Ages. Even if they were strangled first, the remains were generally burnt. That, again, is one of the reasons why ringleaders of mutiny in India were blown from guns—an impressive and revolting, though assuredly not cruel, method of execution. Henry VIII. desecrated the shrine of Becket—partly for plunder, chiefly to destroy a centre of opposition. When a prince or noble had been executed for treason, or opposition to the King, his tomb was invariably the barometer of the fortunes of his faction. Edward II. had beheaded his cousin, Earl Thomas of Lancaster, one of the worst members of a highly unpleasant set of great nobles. Yet the tomb of this treacherous, selfish, and vicious prince became the scene of miracles and a centre of pilgrimage; and whenever the Lancastrian faction was stirring against the Plantagenets, the miracles and pilgrimages revived.

In fact, the cult of tombs and mortal remains has supplied a good deal of popular religious and political instinct, even in later days. If the Jacobite societies that now interest themselves and amuse others by placing floral offerings round Charles the First's statue were ever to become formidable in numbers, it might be found advisable to remove the monument in question to some inaccessible place. And, beyond question, it was an ill day for Louis Philippe's chances of reigning when the dead Napoléon came home from St. Helena. Popular enthusiasm will work miracles enough, religious or political; but it needs a tangible, visible object of reverence. The tomb that covers the actual bones of a revered leader is the most important and valuable centre for the movement of his surviving partisans. At present, the Mahdi's doctrines are unpopular in his former dominions. His heresies have been confuted by Maxims and Lee-Metfords, his sanctity overthrown by Lyddite. But opinions waver, and legends revive. Let the new Government of the Soudan do anything oppressive, unpopular, or merely unintelligible, and men will speak of the cruel and barbarous rule of the Baggara as of a lost Golden Age. Then a tomb, a relic, a banner of the dead chief would become a signal and centre of revolt. Hence the demolition and "desecration."

This the worthy Mr. Scott and his friends do not see. Their minds are mediæval in point of breadth, but strictly modern in point of knowledge. To them the blowing-up of the Mahdi's tomb and the casting of his bones into the river is as if a party of soldiers were sent to break open the family vault of some generally respected Nonconformist minister and empty his coffin into the Ship Canal to join the millions of Manchester money sunk in that noble but not remunerative undertaking. Warfare ceases with the death of the enemy, they say; why wreak a cowardly and revolting vengeance upon the poor, helpless bones of a man that many revered? And, of course, such an act would be cowardly and foolish—in Manchester. But the Soudan, though we trust it will get its waist-cloths and shirts from Manchester in future, has moral and political standards of its own. And not to have "desecrated" the Mahdi's tomb would give a Soudanese the not unnatural idea that the conquerors recognised the sanctity of that monument.

Perhaps the wildest idea, however, is that the Mohammedan world in general has been outraged by the violation of the Mahdi's tomb. The Mahdi was a heresiarch; he was in political and religious revolt against the (theoretical) Viceroy of the Sultan, who is the official Khalifa. If the British unbelievers demolished his tomb, why should Shiah, or Sunni, or any other of the two-and-seventy sects, mind? Would it greatly concern the Pope or the Archbishop of Canterbury if a mob of "Gentiles" smashed up the tomb of Brigham Young? I trow not. They might say it was in bad taste, and so it would be; for the United States have passed the stage of development in which a tomb can be made a dangerous centre of disaffection. But that a set of heretics should demolish the monument of a hostile heresiarch can only be of advantage to the true Church, whatever that may be.

Some of our good Manchester men cannot realise that Baggara tribesmen are essentially other than Particular Baptists in their methods, and Mahdis are not ministers, nor Khalifas deacons. The bones of Gordon were scattered, as a plain proof of the victory of the Mahdi; now the great monument of Gordon will look from far over the place where the bones of his slayer were, and are not, and will not be found forever. And those who see will ask and hear and know who has conquered in the end.

MARMITON.

The best, at once the most entertaining and the most heart-searching, picture of poverty-stricken London we have had for many years is Mr. Richard Whiteing's "No. 5, John Street." Mr. Whiteing sees as clearly the reality of things as does Mr. Arthur Morrison. But his temper is less fierce, and his humour is greater. His scepticism as to the effect of the agencies for improving the lot of the unfortunate is quite as deep, but there is an astonishing lack of contempt in his every mood. The book purports to be the experience of a rich Society man, on whom the task has been laid to write a report on the social conditions of London in the Jubilee year, for a little island in the Pacific which looks to England as its great exemplar. That his report may have something of worth in it, he leaves his own gilded haunts for a space, retires to a West-End slum, hires himself out for eighteen shillings a-week, and lives on it. His previous soft living is against him, but he is rarely equipped in one way, in his marvellous lack of prejudice, and in his freedom from ready-made theory. From the first he makes chums, who can't quite understand him, but who have the good manners of their class, and think prying into a man's past history is no business of theirs.

As a story, the book is a little spoilt by the sensation of the end, which is in no wise inevitable. Both moral and artistic effect are lost thereby, but this does not greatly matter. Its aim is not to be a good story; the real worth lies in the admirable series of portraits and pictures of the shifting life of poor London and in the burning passion that hides behind the wide and tender charity. Humour is so often at the top that some sensitive souls may do injustice to Mr. Whiteing's powers of indignation. Before the end they will be glad of whatever blitheness this interpreter of the moods of the slums can reflect. The description of the various missionaries, religious, political, and æsthetic, that visit No. 5, John Street, for its good, is delightful. We take to our hearts the decent ex-shopkeeper, clad in black, who inclines to believe—though he feels the conclusion to be irreverent—"that his Maker is, at least, a Briton." "The Lord's steadiness, His constancy, His perfect sobriety of spirit, His great constructive qualities, His combined justice and mercy, are all, in Mr. Conroy's view, eminently British qualities." In a certain privileged person's room, besides this good man's gift of a coloured lithograph of Queen Victoria offering the Bible to an inquiring savage, there is a portrait of Lord Beaconsfield, presented by a Primrose Dame, and a photograph of the Madonna of Botticelli, a gift of the Kyrle Society. The object of this last is "the development of Covey's sense of the beautiful in and for itself. He has been assured that frequent contemplation of this work will do wonders for his general education in the amenities, and he has been induced to promise that he will look at it at least twice a-day. He keeps the promise by fixing his eye on the picture, as on vacancy, while smoking his pipe." But the neutral effect of high art on Low Covey does not quite discourage the new chum at No. 5 from trying its effect on his friend "Tilda, the flower-girl—a fine-natured, valiant, if somewhat uncultivated young woman. He took her, among other places, to the National Gallery, with indifferent results. "She was about to reject the entire school of Florence as unworthy of attention until she caught sight of a shepherd in Botticelli's 'Nativity' whose nose is twisted on one side in the ardour of an angel's congratulatory embrace. 'It's the gristly part as gives!' she remarked simply; 'I've seen 'em go jist like that.'" On the other hand, she stood before Frañcia's Pieta full five minutes "without either eating a sweetmeat or speaking a word."

I may have indicated very few, and these not very significant, points in a deep-feeling and far-seeing book. I have only space to add that it is a book too full of tolerance and humanity not to have its effect; and it will have its effect all the more readily that it occasionally leaves its tone of light satire of millionaires and of the present tinkering missions at the social wreck and speaks out in tones of appealing earnestness. Only, in recommending it, it should be said that it is not a comfortable book, in spite of its charity and its humour. It makes the social question concern each reader so closely that no subscriptions to missions and institutions will seem to wipe out his debt.

An enthusiastic editor of Omar Kháyyám, Mr. Nathaniel Haskell Dole, has conceived the idea of making the Persian poet the hero of a prose romance. He has seen a strong and attractive personality looming through the "Rubáiyát," and his fancy has played round it and built for it a stage whereon it might play such parts as it presumably played in life. I do not think it a very wise thing to make one's favourite poet the hero of a novel. There is an equal danger of making him too remote or too familiar. And then there is the difficulty of the dialogue. A poet is not always soaring in the empyrean, of course; but what is the use of him as a poet in your novel if he does not show off? And, to show him off adequately, you must either be his equal, or you must quote or paraphrase his sayings and writings, or you must be ridiculous. Mr. Dole has chosen the frankest and the easiest method in his "Omar the Tentmaker" (Duckworth). He makes Omar speak his own lines, and, if these were extemporised, which is not improbable, it is a very natural thing for him to do. I will not say that he makes him a more distinct personage than he was before. But at least he treats him with great dignity and delicacy. And, apart from the hero-poet, the tale of Old Persia is an interesting and a stirring one, in which such knowledge as scholars have of the history of the country and the epoch is agreeably popularised for the general.

O. O.

THE CHILD AND THE CAMERA.



ANGELS REGARDING MEN.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.



TWO AUSTRALIAN NATIVES.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FRASER, BALLARAT.



THE BLUEST BLOOD IN INDIA

His Highness Maharana Dhiraaj Fatch Singh Bahadur, G.C.S.I (in the robes of which he is here represented), of Oodeypore, is the sixtieth or so chief of his dynasty, founded by Bappa about A.D. 728. His position is unique, for his house was the only one from which the Delhi Emperors could not force a bride. The Mewar Chiefs' refusal to let the blood of the Mohammedan conquerors mingle with that of their daughters would probably have been got over had they been nearer to hand as Jeypore and Jodhpore were. It never was got over, however; hence the bluest blood in India—the cream of Rajput aristocracy. His Highness, who was born in 1850, succeeded his kinsman in 1884, is reserved, dignified, of active and temperate habits, a good horseman, and has killed more tigers than any other Prince. He is the husband of one wife—another unusual distinction—and has one son, born in 1884. As a ruler, his instincts are conservative; rarely leaving his own State, he has seen little of the outer world.



A PRINCE OF INDIAN DANDIES.

His Highness the Maharaja Nihal Singh, Ruler of Dholpur, near Agra, was born in 1863, and succeeded his grandfather in 1873. Educated from childhood by a British officer and his wife, he is a favourite in English society, and can sing an English song to the piano with almost as much verve as he rides a boar. He is an Honorary Major in the British Army, and a gallant, cheery little gentleman in every respect, with a passion for horses (he is the most daring pig-sticker in India), pearls, and expensive bric-à-brac, in which he displays considerable taste. Arrayed in full Durbar costume, with sheen of white satin and ropes of magnificent pearls—probably the finest possessed by any Indian Chief, and including some which once belonged to the Empress Eugénie—he is indeed a prince of dandies. Though one of the Chiefs of Rajputana, he is a Jât, not a Rajput, and presents a striking contrast to the Maharana of Oodeypore.

SOME SAMPLERS.

The collecting of old needlework-samplers has at least one advantage over many other more serious forms of curiosity-hunting—it never grows monotonous, for the “infinite variety” of the sampler, and the consequent assurance that the next “find,” whether in a country cottage or the remote recesses of a dealer’s shop, will be entirely different from the last, lends a special and agreeable zest to the pursuit. There are undoubtedly certain types of sampler peculiar to certain periods, even to particular parts of the country, while the same verses, in slightly varying versions, are often met with, as are sections of designs, such as borders; but the resemblance is never more than superficial, save in the exceptional case of samplers worked by one family at the same date.

The three samplers here illustrated may be taken as good examples of as many widely differing types. That of Susana Corsbie has the wreathed floral border that was apparently very popular in the earlier years of the eighteenth century, before the more formal cross-stitch edgings came into vogue. The ground is linen, coarse, yet fine enough to need good eyesight to work those tiny letters so evenly thereon, and within the wreath of flowers—but few have their prototypes in any botanical collection!—is embroidered the Twenty-Third Psalm and the Fifth Commandment. Below, surrounded by a wreath of green leaves, come the worker’s name and the date when her task was brought to a happy conclusion—“September the 15, 1739”—nearly one hundred and sixty years ago.

The floral embellishments of this sampler, by the way, are worked in “long and short” stitch (or, to give it its correct and classic name, *Opus phumarium*), the more commonplace and conventional cross-stitch appearing in the somewhat abundant lettering alone.

Very different in every respect is Sarah Pearce’s specimen of stitchery, which she completed on June 1, 1803. The design of this sampler has

several curious points. Not only does it include the conventional alphabet and numerals, but it boasts, furthermore, of a brace of windmills and two crowned figures, each armed with a pair of scales and what has been variously identified at different times and by different experts

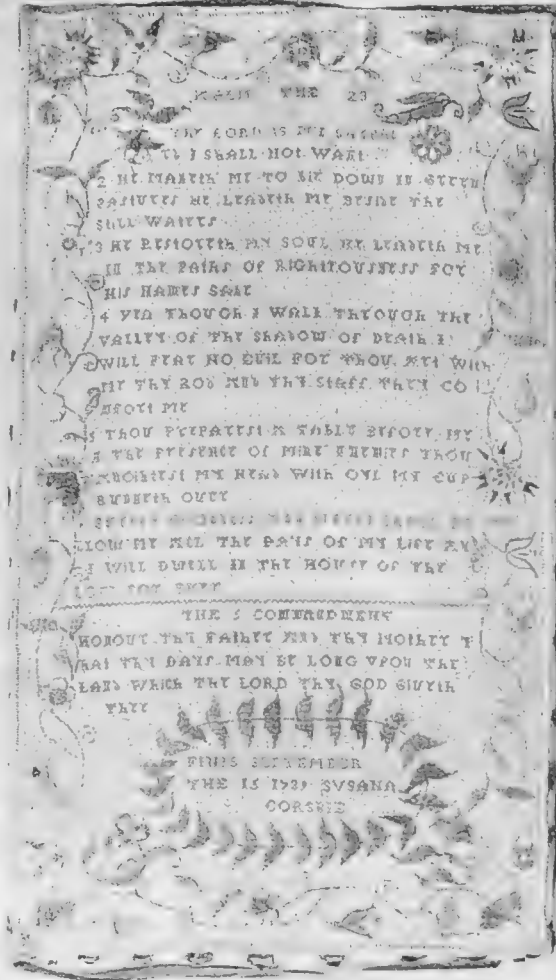
as a trident, a sunflower, and a scourge! Probably these mysterious figures may be intended to represent Justice, but it is equally possible that they have no special meaning at all. Between them is a weird fowl, perched apparently on a bush of prickly pear, or something akin to it; and neatly arranged in couplets between the sections of the pattern is a poem of the customary highly moral, decidedly melancholy, and wholly inappropriate kind. It runs—

Subdued by grief, low at thy injured shrine,
O Resignation, let me humbly fall;
No more shall I at Fate’s decree repine,
Since thy propitious hand can yield me all.
The primrose pale that blooms beneath the thorn
Protected grows from elemental shock,
While from the cloud-encircled hills are torn
The lofty cedar and the knotted oak.
E’en so would I, secure from Fortune’s frown,
In Life’s sequestered vale unnoticed dwell;
The tinsel splendour of the world disown,
And ev’ry lawless gust of passion quell.

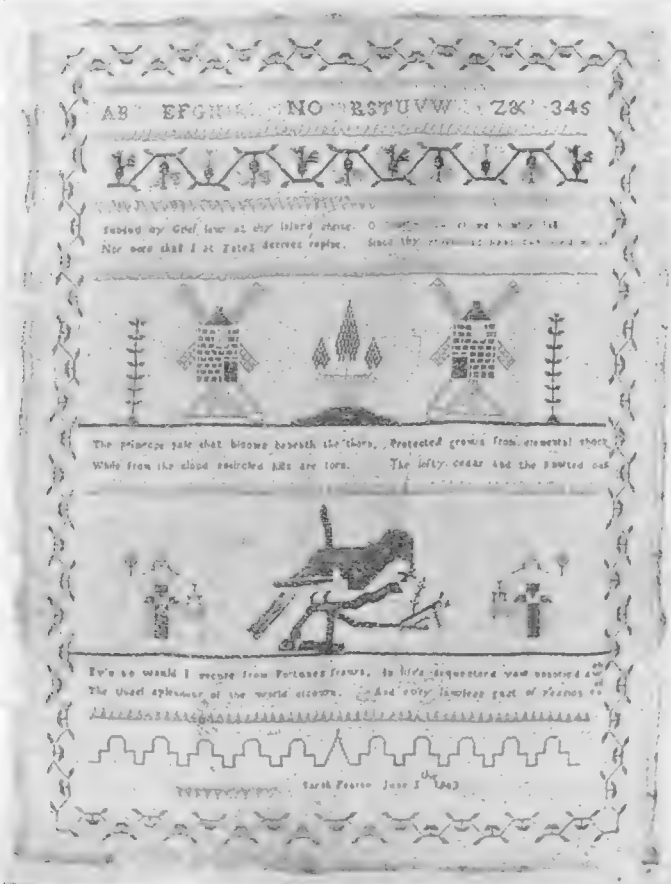
Poor little Sarah Pearce! She must have been sorely weary of those pompous lines before she stitched in that last admirable sentiment.

The third sampler is of so late a date (1862) that it has a special interest regarded as a survival—or should it be revival?—of a fashion practically extinct years before. It bears traces of the Berlin wool-work craze in some parts of its elaborate pattern, but the house and lodge or summer-house at the bottom are reminiscent of a much earlier style. This specimen has

another peculiar feature. Samplers and childhood are, according to most people’s ideas, inseparably connected, yet Ann Lampard here sets down her age as forty. She was surely the most mature sampler-worker that ever counted stitches!



SAMPLER BY SUSANA CORSBIE.



SAMPLER BY SARAH PEARCE.



SAMPLER BY ANN LAMPARD.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



HOSTESS: Now surely, Mr. Muggins, you don't believe the Athanasian Creed?
REV. MUGGINS: The Church requires me to believe it.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A GIRL'S IDEAL.

BY R. NEISH.

"I think, Archie, I shall give it at the Institute of Water-Colours," murmured Mrs. Stevenson thoughtfully.

"My dear," remonstrated the Colonel mildly, "if you must give a dance, why take a public room—why not give it at your own house?"

"Because I dislike the bother of having my house upset," answered Mrs. Stevenson decidedly.

"Well, you have another remedy," said the Colonel pleasantly. "Don't give the dance."

His wife frowned impatiently. "I wonder, Archie, why you always throw cold water on any suggestion I make?"

"You must allow it doesn't damp your ardour, my dear, nor make the slightest difference to your plans."

The Colonel struck a match as he spoke, and lit his cigarette.

Mrs. Stevenson allowed her husband to smoke in her boudoir, but she strongly objected to his laying the burnt match on the white paint of her mantelpiece. She put up her *pince-nez* and looked steadily at him.

He lifted the match, with a deprecatory smile, and dropped it into the fireplace.

Mrs. Stevenson was a refined-looking woman, with sharp, intelligent features, and a somewhat repellent manner. She had spent the first five years of her married life in India; but the climate did not suit her, and she brought her two little girls home and settled in London. They were twins, and were now eighteen.

During the last twelve years their father had twice been stationed in Ireland, but it had not occurred to his wife to go there.

She was quite happy in London with her children and her friends. She was not a woman who had any sort of longing for love or sympathy, and her manner was cold even to the girls, whom she loved dearly.

"You will find you have your work cut out this Season," said the Colonel pleasantly. "I suppose 'coming out' means an augmented dress-allowance and an unlimited number of young men dangling about the house?"

Mrs. Stevenson, who had money of her own, smiled pleasantly. "I will supply the dress-allowances, Archie. You can find the young men." (Pleadingly) "Please see they are not all soldiers."

"All right, my dear," he answered, with a smile. "I will try and find a rich stockbroker or two for them. I suppose," he continued, as he knocked his ash off with great care into the clean fireplace, "you will marry them off before they know where they are."

Mrs. Stevenson glanced at the fireplace, and, rising, placed an ash-tray near her husband. Then she sighed. "Oh no; I don't want them to give up their liberty before they have had time to enjoy themselves."

The Colonel turned away to hide a smile. It occurred to him that his wife had not been called on to sacrifice any great amount of liberty, but he said nothing.

"I intend Gabrielle to marry Sir Gilbert Keith eventually," remarked Mrs. Stevenson presently.

The Colonel smiled grimly. "Really, you intend?"

"Yes, I intend," repeated Mrs. Stevenson calmly.

"H'm! I should not care to drive Gabrielle myself. Her mouth is as hard as nails," said the Colonel, "and she has a strong will of her own."

"That is the very reason I shall succeed," answered Mrs. Stevenson pleasantly. "It is only weak people who are obstinate—and impossible. It is a great responsibility, bringing out two girls," she continued. "There is so much competition in London. If only you were stationed at Dublin, Archie, I might have brought them out there."

"You certainly need not have feared any competition there, my dear," replied the Colonel; "for, of all the ridiculous illusions, that of Ireland being full of beauties is the chief. Taking them as a whole, the girls are badly dressed; and their feet and ankles—By Jove! their ankles!"

"Archibald!" interrupted Mrs. Stevenson severely.

"My dear," answered her husband apologetically, "I am sorry; but please don't call me Archibald in that tone—it reminds me that my hair is getting thin on the top."

Mrs. Stevenson laughed.

She and her husband really got on very well, considering that his term of service had expired only six months ago, and he was always at home now, which was naturally rather a trial.

He was a fine-looking man of about fifty, testy and irascible, but very kind-hearted; and although easily annoyed, even more easily appeased. He had been so long in India that his daughters felt they were only just beginning to know him.

"Gabrielle doesn't like men—in fact, she is barely civil enough to them," said Mrs. Stevenson.

"Then you may be quite sure she will come a cropper," said the Colonel emphatically.

Before Mrs. Stevenson could reply, the two girls came into the room, and the conversation drifted into other channels.

Mrs. Stevenson gave her dance at the Institute of Water-Colours, and it was a great success.

The next day the Colonel said to her, "You had plenty of riffraff

there, Marian; some of them looked like the crew one sees round the tables at Monte Carlo."

"Oh, those were only my friends' friends," said Mrs. Stevenson good-naturedly; "so many people asked if they could bring someone. The girls looked pretty, didn't they, Archie?"

"Yes," he assented; "Gabrielle looked especially well, but Nina was evidently the more admired."

"Men are like dogs," said Mrs. Stevenson; "they know when they are welcome. Gabrielle, unfortunately, likes dogs, but not men; Nina, luckily, likes both."

While the Colonel and his wife were chatting together, the two girls were up in their own little sitting-room discussing the dance.

"Wasn't it lovely?" said Nina enthusiastically.

"I didn't enjoy it much," replied Gabrielle indifferently.

"Didn't you? Why, what a queer girl you are, Gabrielle! I just loved it!"

"It seems such a senseless sort of enjoyment."

Nina looked disappointed. "I thought we should have had such fun talking it over, Bella."

"I'm sorry, dear," answered Gabrielle penitently. "I should like to hear what it was you enjoyed."

"Oh, everything," answered Nina. "It was perfect."

The girls were very unlike. Gabrielle was tall, with fair, reddish hair, and large, frank grey eyes. Her face was a singularly passionless one, although more strictly beautiful than Nina's. There was an extraordinary look of power and self-reliance about Gabrielle. This characteristic showed itself even in her firm white hands, but her manner was shy and retiring.

Nina was shorter and more fragile-looking. Her hair was fair and fluffy, and her little bow-shaped mouth and round chin were ever ready to dimple into laughter. She was affectionate, impulsive, and very emotional, and had entered into her new phase of life with no other thought than to extract every atom of pleasure possible from it, while Gabrielle cared little for the amusements she found so enthralling.

The girls showed their different natures even in their style of dress. Gabrielle had on a somewhat severely cut morning-gown, wholly devoid of what she called "frumperies." Nina wore a loose silk bodice with a wide lace collar edged with numberless little rows of *bébé*-ribbon. There was lace at her wrists, and she wore two bangles, from which hung various charms—a lucky-pig, a four-leaved shamrock, and five lucky-bells. She liked the gay tinkling of the little bells; their jangling would have irritated Gabrielle.

"I don't mean to go out more than I can help," said Gabrielle presently. "You and Mamma can go together."

Nina was devotedly fond of her sister.

"Oh, Bella!" she cried in dismay. "You must come with us always; I shouldn't enjoy anything without you."

"Yes, you will; you will enjoy telling me all about it afterwards, dear."

Nina made a grimace.

"You looked awfully severe last night, Bella. Who was that fair man you glared at just as you came away?"

Gabrielle laughed. "That was a Captain Ralston. He told me he was in a Ghorka regiment. He actually tried to impress me by saying he had been quite a little god out in Burmah. I soon gave him to understand he wasn't a little god over here. I hate men, Nina!"

"Do you? I love them; I should like every man I met to be in love with me."

"My dear child," said Gabrielle, "what for? A man's love is worth nothing; it is merely a question of the colour of one's skin or the curl of one's eyelashes."

Nina stared at her. "Oh, Gabrielle," she said, horrified, "for goodness' sake don't develop into a New Woman, and run men down! They are such fun. By the way," she added suddenly, "how did you like Sir Gilbert Keith?"

"I never noticed him," replied Gabrielle.

"How tiresome of you!" said Nina. "He's such a dear!"

As time went on, Gabrielle adhered to her resolution to go out as little as possible, greatly to Mrs. Stevenson's annoyance and the Colonel's amusement.

"I knew she would go her own way," he said with a triumphant chuckle. But Mrs. Stevenson set her mouth and said nothing.

The season grew gradually to a close. Bunches of sweet lavender proclaimed it at the street-corners, and a sensible diminution of ear-splitting piano-organs showed that the Margate season had already begun.

Nina had enjoyed herself immensely. She had indulged in numerous mild and harmless flirtations, and was still heart-whole and happy.

Gabrielle had found the whole routine of pleasure wearisome. She was glad it was nearly over. The lavender reminded her of the country, and she longed to get away from the noise and bustle.

Nina looked forward to the gaieties of a country-house party, but Gabrielle looked only for the fresh air and long rambles alone in the country. She had been strangely unrestful lately. Her mind had been full of indefinable longings and aspirations. She was unable to analyse her feelings. She knew only that the deadly commonplaceness of the men she met irritated her more than ever, and she blamed herself for want of



VIEW IN CRICKET ST. THOMAS, NEAR CHARD, THE HOME OF MR. F. J. FRY, AS SEEN FROM THE FRONT TERRACE, LOOKING SOUTH-EAST.



THESE LOVELY GARDENS (PHOTOGRAPHED BY HIGGINS AND SON, OF CHARD) BELONG TO MR. F. J. FRY, OF CRICKET.

sympathy and social tact. She considered herself stupid and dull, and wondered why she could not be more like Nina, who was so bright and chatty, and such a favourite.

It was her mother's last "At Home" day. She was standing talking to Sir Gilbert Keith, when the butler's announcement of a guest made her start suddenly—

"Mr. Evelyn Elliston."

Gabrielle did not turn round, but a faint flush came into her face.

Sir Gilbert saw it, and wondered. "The very last sort of man I should have thought she would have admired," he said ruefully to himself as he turned to look at the new-comer. "Ye gods, what a man!"

After shaking hands with his hostess, Mr. Elliston came straight up to Miss Stevenson.

Sir Gilbert turned to a dark, handsome girl standing near him.

"Who is that, Miss Layton?"

"Don't you know?" she said enthusiastically; "he is a new poet. They say he is the man of the moment."

"Really!" said Sir Gilbert, looking at Mr. Elliston's clean-shaven, effeminate face. "I am afraid I have never even heard of him."

"Haven't you?" asked Miss Layton. "Isn't he handsome? Such Grecian features and such wonderful eyes!"

"H'm," answered Sir Gilbert. "He wants trimming up a bit, don't you think? His hair wants cutting and his tie re-tying, eh?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Miss Layton; "I think it rather suits him. He is very wonderful. He has just written a delightful little volume of poems called—Oh! I forget the name, but it is exquisitely bound."

"Ah! I suppose the binding is the chief attraction. I must get it for my library."

Miss Layton smiled to herself. "How jealous men are!" she thought, and added aloud: "Personally, I must own I prefer a more manly man," and she looked archly at Sir Gilbert's sturdy figure.

He moved rather hastily away, and crossed over to Nina.

Evelyn Elliston stood for a moment in silence beside Gabrielle. It was characteristic of him that he spoke no words of conventional greeting to her. He only looked earnestly at her, then took her hand, and, after holding it loosely for a moment, said gently, "Tell me about yourself."

Gabrielle laughed half-nervously. "What is there to tell?" she answered wistfully. "My life is too commonplace to interest you. I have read your last book. It is perfect," she added in a low tone.

"I am glad you liked it—dear," he replied gently. "I have put all my thoughts into it." He added the caressing word almost inaudibly, but Gabrielle's face flushed and a soft light came into her eyes.

Sir Gilbert from the other side of the room saw it, and mentally cursed all the poetry that had ever been written.

Mr. Elliston's book was certainly very clever; a little crude, but containing germs of beautiful thought. It was simply written, too, which was in itself a great and rare charm, and it appealed especially to Gabrielle, who was full of ideals. To her this man was an intellectual hero. He was so different from other men, so quick to understand her, and so full of little thoughtful attentions. He was so chivalrous, too. He seemed to her the embodiment of the beautiful ideas that were in his book.

Her nature was rapidly changing under his influence. A new sweetness had come into her face, and the hard lines were fading from her mouth. In the seclusion of her room she read and re-read his poems. He wrote to her nearly every day. She read his letters an endless number of times, and she wrote to him, unfolding herself to him and showing depths of thought of which she had never even suspected herself.

If Mrs. Stevenson noticed the growing friendship between her daughter and Mr. Elliston, she had the wisdom to ignore it.

"Doesn't that embryo Tennyson come here rather often?" asked the Colonel one day. "He and Gabrielle seem to be a good deal together. I never saw such a change in a girl's face. She doesn't look half so hard as she used to. Has he worked a miracle?"

Mrs. Stevenson frowned impatiently.

"She is only amusing herself. There can be nothing in it. He hasn't a penny. I shall stop it if I see any necessity; at present there is none."

"H'm!" said the Colonel doubtfully. "I thought Sir Gilbert looked very glum last night when he saw them together. He didn't like it at all."

"It is good for him, though," answered Mrs. Stevenson amiably; "men are so conceited," and she dismissed the subject, but the Colonel's remarks had frightened her, and a few days later she sent to ask Gabrielle to come down to her boudoir.

She looked critically at the girl's radiantly happy face.

"Gabrielle," she said severely, "I hope there is nothing more than a little girlish nonsense between you and Mr. Elliston. You danced a great deal too often with him last night. Of course, it was your last dance this Season, and a good many people have already left town. Still, it is a pity ever to make yourself conspicuous even to the few."

Gabrielle turned a shade paler.

"Mamma," she said hurriedly, even impulsively, "I—I was going to tell you, only I did not see you alone last night. Evelyn has asked me to marry him, and I have promised."

Mrs. Stevenson's face hardened, and she looked steadily at her daughter.

"Have you?" she said quietly. "Then I am afraid you have made a promise you will be unable to fulfil."

"I—I love him, Mamma," faltered Gabrielle.

"I have no doubt you do, my dear. That will pass off in time. We have all gone through it," she added impatiently. "It is perfect nonsense even to discuss it. The man hasn't a penny, and I don't like him."

Gabrielle's mouth hardened until it looked like her mother's.

"I love him," said she doggedly. "He is very clever, and he will be great some day; and, in the meantime, I can wait."

Her face had turned crimson. She hated discussing her most sacred and secret feelings; yet she knew her mother had a right to ask her anything, and she tried to be patient and docile.

"My dear Gabrielle," said Mrs. Stevenson peremptorily, "come and sit here"—she pushed a low chair towards her daughter as she spoke—"and talk the matter quietly over with me. Mr. Elliston is a poor man; moreover, he is not in our set—he is a mere Bohemian. I know nothing about him, neither who he is nor where he comes from. However, what is even more important is that you cannot live on air."

"May I speak quite frankly, Mamma?"

Mrs. Stevenson raised her eyebrows. "Certainly," she said, looking at Gabrielle with a hard stare that was not encouraging.

"I—I thought Nina and I both had money of our own."

"Then you thought wrong, my dear," answered her mother. "You have nothing at present, although my money will certainly come to you on my death instead of going to your father."

"Oh, Mamma! I ought not to have said it. I am sorry I asked."

She felt very sordid.

"On the contrary," said Mrs. Stevenson pleasantly, "there is no reason whatever why we should not thoroughly understand one another, Gabrielle. The matter stands like this. My money—there is no need for me to tell you the amount—goes, as I said just now, to you and Nina on my death. In the meantime, if you marry with my consent, I have the power to give you £500 a-year each. I have also the power to withhold it, and shall certainly do so if you marry Mr. Elliston. In any case, you could not marry on £500 a-year; so you must forget all about him, like a sensible girl."

"I shall see him and tell him what you say, Mamma; but I know he won't give me up."

Gabrielle set her mouth even more firmly, and looked straight up at her mother. "I shall wait for him, Mamma, until he has made a name," she said; "and we can do without your money."

Mrs. Stevenson's face flushed, and she rose angrily.

"You are a most ungrateful girl, and I am quite sure he will not marry you without your money. It is probably only that he wants. Those sort of people are always on the look-out for money." She was so very angry that she left the room without trusting herself to say more.

Gabrielle went slowly upstairs to Nina.

"Well?" asked her sister breathlessly. "Have you told her? What did she say?" Then she caught sight of Gabrielle's face. "Darling, what is it—has she been unkind?"

"She says he won't marry me unless he gets my money," said Gabrielle; "but it isn't true, is it, Nina? Quick, you understand men—say you know it isn't!"

Nina flung her arms round her sister's neck.

"Of course, it isn't true, darling!" she cried impulsively. "How dare she! How horrid and unkind of her!" Nina was full of sentiment. "Don't you give him up, dearest Gabrielle," she said, hugging her sister, "and don't believe a word against him. Write and tell him you want to see him, and will meet him somewhere."

"Mamma will be so angry. Besides, I can't meet him out, Nina."

But Nina waxed eloquent. "My dear girl, surely you can meet the man you are engaged to without asking Mamma. Do you mean calmly to give him up? Write and tell him how she has taken it, and see what he says."

"He is coming to-day to see her," said Gabrielle, "and she will be unkind to him."

"Send him a wire and put him off, then," said the more enterprising Nina; and Gabrielle sent the telegram off and then wrote her lover an eloquent little note. She told him she was very unhappy, that her mother would not allow the engagement; but she had perfect faith and trust in him. His love was an honour that made up even for her mother's harshness, and so on.

Mr. Elliston wrote back by return of post. Would she meet him somewhere? He must see her, and at once.

"Where shall I go, Nina?" asked Gabrielle, in despair.

"Go to the Botanical Gardens," said Nina; "go in the morning, at eleven. No one ever goes there, and you can talk matters over."

So Gabrielle went. She went in fear and trembling, feeling that she was doing a very wicked thing, half proud of herself, yet half ashamed.

Evelyn Elliston met her at the entrance. He behaved perfectly like the chivalrous lover that he looked. He assured her passionately that nothing would ever make him give her up. He would go away, and work and make a name and a home for his queen and sweetheart. He would go at once for six months, but he would write to her every day. "Your mother will give way in time, Gabrielle," he said gently, "when she sees how sad and unhappy my darling is. In the meantime, my love, be very brave and patient. I will write to you, and cheer you as much as I can. If your mother has not given way when you are twenty-one," he added, tenderly, "we will get married. You have your own money, dearest"—he made this statement quite simply; "that will suffice for your wants, and I shall have made enough by then to enable us to defy the world. We will give up our whole lives to one another, my Gabrielle"—he paused eloquently. "What a beautiful thought, darling!" She looked gratefully at him and smiled, already half-comforted.



[Photo by Downey, E.ury Street, S.W.]

MISS ELLA SNYDER IN "THE BELLE OF NEW YORK."

Miss Snyder is a Bovey girl who flirts with the whistler and charms everybody by her good-humour. This shows her in the last act, where she goes on to Narragansett in holiday attire. She recently played the part of the Belle herself in Miss Edna May's absence, and was a great success.

Evelyn had heard that Mrs. Stevenson had the power to give her two girls a large sum of money on their coming of age, but he did not know she had also the power to withhold it. For the moment he wondered how to find out. Gabrielle suddenly felt she had perhaps better tell him what her mother had said—not that it mattered, but just to show her mother how utterly wrong she was.

"Mamma says, if I marry without her consent, she won't give me a penny, Evelyn; but you don't care, do you? I can wait for you until you are rich, or, I—I shouldn't mind being poor. I should even like it with you, Evelyn." She blushed and faltered a little.

There was no one in sight. They were sitting on a seat near the little bridge that crosses a small ornamental pond. Only a white swan floated past them with lazy grace and a bird overhead gave a cheery whistle. Evelyn took the girl's hand in his, and, gently unbuttoning her glove, drew it off. Then he raised it to his lips.

She could not see that he had turned a shade paler. "It is only an idle threat," he said to himself, but his heart sank. Aloud he said, "My darling, I don't want your money, I want only you—you!"

There was a false ring in his voice, and he strove to hide it by reiteration. But Gabrielle did not notice it: he was her ideal, a poet, and a creature full of noble and chivalrous thoughts. She wondered only what he could see in her to love. "I knew Mamma had misjudged him, and that he wouldn't care," she said to herself in happy triumph, and she blushed with pride and joy as she looked up at the handsome, selfish face.

"By the way, what was your grandfather's name, darling?" asked Evelyn presently. He asked the question carelessly, after having skilfully led her to talk of family matters.

"Sir John Penge," she replied. "He was so nice to us when we were little girls. He lived at Molton Hall, near Tiverton, in Devonshire. We used to go there a good deal; but the place went to a cousin. She left Mamma all her money."

"Oh! I am so fond of Devonshire!" said Mr. Elliston, ignoring the money question. "It is quite an ideal county. I must write a little poem, and dedicate it to my fair maid of Devon." He began to rhapsodise about the beauties of Devonshire, inwardly cursing the unknown cousin. Gabrielle listened, enthralled by his eloquence.

"Now, my darling," he said at length, "we must go back." He drew her under the shadow of a weeping willow, and bent over her. Slowly he bent his head, and pressed a long, passionate kiss on her lips. Again and again he kissed her, but at last he gently released her.

"To-morrow, I leave you, my darling," he murmured tenderly; "but only for a short time. You must be very sweet to your mother, and you must conquer her."

Gabrielle sighed. "I will try," she said earnestly; "but you don't know Mamma yet." Then Evelyn put her into a hansom, and waited while she drove away.

He stood for a moment, meditating; then he walked out of the Park into the Marylebone Road, where he hailed a cab for himself.

"Somerset House," he said abruptly, and drove away in deep thought. As he went through the crowded streets he rapidly reviewed the situation. It was probably only an idle threat on the mother's part; he did not suppose she had any real control, but he could soon ascertain. If it was true that she had complete control over the money until her death, there was an end to his little romance. He could not afford to keep himself, much less a luxuriously brought-up girl like Gabrielle. He must marry money, for he was no genius; he had only talent; but with money he could entertain lavishly, and his world would soon learn to look upon him as a genius.

He made a lengthy examination of Sir John Penge's will. As he came out his face was much paler, and he muttered to himself—

"It's no good—the mother was quite right. She hasn't a penny—yet I could have loved her," he added sorrowfully to himself, and he took a penny omnibus home to his lodgings.

A few days later Mrs. Stevenson and her daughters went up to Scotland. The Colonel was away yachting. He was to join them in a week or so. Mrs. Stevenson said no more to Gabrielle about her lover. She ignored the whole matter, and trusted to change of scene to alter the current of her daughter's thoughts and bring her nearer to Sir Gilbert Keith, who was to be one of the house-party at Balloch.

"There is everything in propinquity," she said complacently to her husband.

"Yes—with men," assented the Colonel. "You see, they must always make love to someone."

His wife looked mildly up at him. "Really, Archie?"

"Er—that is to say, if they aren't married," he added rather lamely. "Now, with women it is quite different. 'Absence makes the heart grow fonder,' eh?"

"Only when they are married, dear," answered his wife sweetly.

Nina was very happy. Life was a continual joy to her, and even Gabrielle was content at first, for Evelyn had written to her every day. His letters were certainly a little vague and uncertain, but they were loving, and they were her first love-letters; but, as time went on, he wrote less often, and now she had not heard from him for ten whole days.

What was the matter? Was he ill? She grew very anxious and unhappy, and she felt worried and helpless. She had written twice to his club and once to his rooms, and received no answer. She did not like to write again. Sir Gilbert Keith was very kind and attentive to her. She felt a frank liking for him, and was nice to him. Her love for Evelyn had softened her manner to other men. One morning, just before lunch, Nina was going slowly down the wide oak staircase, when

a few words from one of the merry party in the hall made her start and hurry forward. The men were at home to-day, and the letters and newspapers had only just arrived. A lively discussion was taking place. Evidently an exceedingly interesting item of news had arrived.

Nina turned to listen. "Just fancy!" Miss Layton was saying to Sir Gilbert Keith; "Evelyn Elliston is married. I cannot imagine it."

"Why not?" asked Sir Gilbert drily.

"Oh, I don't know. One can hardly picture a poet in so commonplace a situation."

Nina stood mechanically listening.

"I do not see why marriage need be commonplace," answered Sir Gilbert sturdily.

He had old-fashioned views on marriage. Miss Layton smiled and blushed. She did not know he was thinking of Gabrielle, and she felt vaguely flattered—but Sir Gilbert was wondering if Gabrielle would mind Evelyn's marriage. He could only hope not—she had been very kind to him lately.

Mrs. Stevenson turned sharply to Nina. "He is married; it is in this morning's paper; go and warn her," she said in a low voice.

With a thumping heart, Nina picked up one or two letters addressed to Gabrielle and a newspaper, and ran lightly up the stairs again. She went into her sister's room.

Gabrielle was standing by the dressing-table—she turned round quickly. "Any letters?" she asked. She took them eagerly, and, seeing they were neither of them from the man she loved, threw them impatiently down; then she glanced at Nina's face. "What's the matter?" she cried. "Are you ill, Nina? What is the matter?"

Her sister held out the newspaper with a trembling hand.

"Oh, Bella!" she cried sympathetically; "darling, darling Bella!" and she burst out crying.

Gabrielle snatched the paper from her. Instinctively she looked down the list of deaths. Thank God, it wasn't that! "What is it, Nina? Quick, tell me!" she cried; and she seized her sister's hand.

Nina put her arms around her with a look of unutterable sympathy.

"I came to warn you," she faltered. "He—he—is—married, Bell!"

Gabrielle stared at her in angry incredulity.

"Who is married?" she asked. Then she laughed hysterically. "Do you mean Evelyn—Evelyn married? It's a mistake; it's not true!"

Nina pointed with a shaking finger to the announcement.

Gabrielle read it slowly, and her face grew white and drawn. "Coward!" she said; "then it was my money." And she stared at the paper with a set face.

Nina burst out crying. "Don't look like that, darling; do cry, please, darling Bella; do cry!"

Gabrielle drew away from her. "Cry!" she said scornfully; "he isn't worth a tear. How dare he!" For a moment her intense pride almost numbed her pain.

This was a way of taking life that the emotional Nina could not understand. She dried her tears, and looked at Gabrielle with some awe.

"How brave you are, Bell," she sighed; "I should have cried my eyes out. Poor darling! don't come down to lunch; they will be sure to discuss it. I will say you have a headache."

"No, thanks. I shall certainly come down," answered Gabrielle, and she turned away. Her lips were quivering, and her hands shook as she took up a little brooch and fastened it in the lace at her neck. She felt a sickening sense of desolation, but the hardness of her nature helped her. The possibility of anyone thinking she cared and pitying her was intolerable. Her face had already changed again, and the old, inexorable look had returned to it.

The Colonel, who knew what had happened, watched his handsome daughter curiously during lunch. He felt a great admiration for her, and gave her a quick look of sympathy. She saw it, and smiled bravely at him.

"By Jove! she's a thoroughbred, and no mistake!" he said to himself.

"Thank goodness, she knows," said Mrs. Stevenson to herself with a sigh of relief, "and that I need not tell her."

Her heart ached for her daughter, but she was utterly incapable now of showing a tenderness that she had always suppressed, and she merely looked coldly and half-nervously at her.

Nina looked out of sorts and depressed, and talked hurriedly. As it happened, no allusion was made to the subject of Evelyn's marriage.

After lunch, Colonel Stevenson was left for a moment alone in the room with his wife.

"That's a girl to be proud of, my dear," he said. "Did you see her? She talked continually during luncheon, and never turned a hair. But her mouth has gone harder than ever."

"What a cad the man must be!" said Mrs. Stevenson angrily, who, although she despised the suitor, resented his treatment of her daughter.

"I am afraid," said the Colonel, "that this will settle Sir Gilbert. She won't look at another man for a long time to come."

"You don't know much about women, Archie, or you would not say that. She will be caught at the rebound by his sympathy and attention." Mrs. Stevenson sighed. "I'm glad he is here. Life has its compensations."

"Poor little girl! She looks desperately at bay," said the Colonel.

"Every first love is a tragedy," answered Mrs. Stevenson, shrugging her shoulders. "She will get over it in time."

"H'm!" answered the Colonel doubtfully; "that remains to be seen."

Meanwhile, Gabrielle was locked in her room, sobbing her heart out.

TWO WOMEN OF MARK.

In the recent death of Miss Sara Sophia Hennell there passed away the last but one of an interesting group of persons who had their home at Coventry for long years, and who were component parts of a literary circle which included not a few of the leading writers of the time. First, old Rosehill (now given place to a modern residence), and then its next-door neighbour, Ivy Cottage, were the rendezvous of persons of widely different views in regard to some matters, but who all had intellectual interests in one direction or another. Miss Hennell was one of the family of James Hennell, of Hackney, first a foreign agent and afterwards partner in a London mercantile house. She was born in 1812—"Moscow year," she used to call it. Mr. Gladstone, in his book on Bishop Butler, describes the family as one "of distinguished talents" in literature, for not only did the lady who has just died send forth books to the world, but her brother, Charles Christian, and her sisters, Mary (deceased) and Caroline Bray, also wrote, and something of what they did has been translated into foreign languages. How large the influence of the Hennells on George Eliot, the novelist's "Life," by Mr. Cross, shows. It is really full of the Hennells and the Brays.

The young Hennells had an uncle at Coventry in the early part of the century, and, in the year before the Queen came to the throne, Cara was married to Charles Bray, a ribbon-manufacturer and subsequently the proprietor of a newspaper in that city. Into the Brays' household, in 1841, was introduced Marian Evans—by whom, we know: it was Mrs. Pears, sister to Mr. Bray. A few months later, Miss Hennell paid one of her occasional visits to Coventry, and she and Mr. and Mrs. Bray were the trio that exerted the most important influence over this young lady of three-and-twenty years. "The two ladies" (I quote from Mr. Cross), "the two ladies—Cara and Sara, as they are always addressed—now became like sisters to Miss Evans, and Mr. Bray her most intimate male friend, and the letters to them form an almost unbroken chain during all the remainder of George Eliot's life. To us Miss Sara Hennell is the most important correspondent, for it is to her that Miss Evans mainly turns now for intellectual sympathy; to Mrs. Bray when she is in pain or trouble, and wants affectionate companionship; with Mr. Bray she quarrels, and the humorous side of her nature is brought out. With all three there is a beautiful and consistent friendship, running through the woof of the coming thirty-eight years." Those who stood by the open grave a few weeks ago heard it said that "the world largely owes the conception of 'Middlemarch' and 'Romola' to the secret but potent spell of Sara Hennell's unique influence on a sensitive and capable mentality."

Miss Hennell's personal authorship was early directed to theological subjects, which were treated with great liberality, and, as we have seen, her dealing with Butler brought forth a reply from Mr. Gladstone in the evening of his days. He spoke very kindly of his antagonist; some correspondence passed between the two, and Miss Hennell's photograph is among the possessions of Hawarden Castle. Miss Hennell's later energies were spent on an unfinished biography of Charles Christian Hennell, which gives some glimpse of the Hackney home, and

touches on many public events belonging to the early days of the century. A large number of literary people gathered from time to time under Mr. and Mrs. Bray's roof at Coventry. Herbert Spencer was there, and Thackeray wrote part of "The Newcomes" in bed at Rosehill.

Miss Hennell, in argument, could hold her own, and more than her own, with all who came in contact with her. As a talker, she was brilliant; at her best, like an inspired minor prophet. Her fine Voltairean face lit up, the eyes darkened and glowed, and the small figure resting against chair or table became a moving piece of eloquence, fascinating, if not convincing. Often she resembled James Hinton in his rush and pour of ideas. Miss Hennell's books, with the exception of that on Butler, were not a success; she had a system of philosophy too deep for poor ordinary humanity. An irreverent friend once called it "The Subjectivity of Selfhood."

Miss Hennell lived to the good old age of eighty-six, and now Mrs. Bray alone remains of a group of which the world has heard a good deal from time to time. The Hennells and the Brays have claims to consideration apart from their close connection with the great woman novelist; but it is pleasant to remember the friendship which subsisted between them all. Writing in November 1872, we have George Eliot saying to Miss Hennell, "How impossible it is to feel that we are as old as we are. Sometimes it seems a little while since you and I were walking over Radford Fields, with the youth in our limbs, talking and laughing with that easy companionship which it is difficult to find in later life."

Over these same Radford Fields she to whom the letter was sent went almost daily for another quarter of a century and more. Whenever the day was fine, she and Mrs. Bray bent their steps that way, helping each other on the journey. It was within easy reach of home, yet offering a good prospect of the well-wooded country with which Warwickshire abounds, and from there the eye can well-nigh carry to the theatre of those "Scenes of Clerical Life" of sixty years

ago. A highly interesting personality has gone in Sara Hennell—almost the last association with a distinguished society of famous men and women.

H. C. W.



THE LATE MISS HENNELL.
Photo by Maule and Co., Coventry.

Mr. C. J. Guthrie, advocate, son of the Rev. Thomas Guthrie, D.D., has been fighting hard to prove that the house in the High Street of Edinburgh known for generations as John Knox's house was indeed occupied for a time by the great Reformer. This has been denied by Mr. Robert Miller in two papers to the Scottish Society of Antiquaries. The other day Mr. Guthrie had his say. Meanwhile, for the past ninety years pilgrims from all parts of the world have visited the house under the belief that Knox lived there from 1560 till his death in 1572. This belief rests on a tradition recounted in Stark's "Picture of Edinburgh" (1806). McCrie, the biographer of Knox, accepted the tradition in his first edition, but appears to be more sceptical in later ones. The enthusiasm of the Free Church has preserved the house intact; but the researches of Dr. Peter Miller and Mr. Robert Miller have not been satisfactorily disproved—that someone else lived in this house at the period above stated.

IN THE CEVENNES.

The Cevennes is not a part of France at all well known to the English tourist. Robert Louis Stevenson went there once with a donkey, but apparently not many people have felt moved to follow his example. Yet the country is well worth a visit, for it is both beautiful and interesting; but, at the same time, it is also extremely inaccessible, and there is room for improvement in the hotel accommodation. Vernoux, of which an illustration is given, is one of the chief towns in the department of Ardèche, in the mountainous district known as the Vivarais. It possesses no station; its only means of communication with the outer world is by a species of coach known as the *voiture publique*, a peculiarly uncomfortable invention. With the assistance of this conveyance, in the course of three or four hours, the tourist who desires to put himself in touch with a line of railway may be conveyed with excessive deliberation to Lamastre, St. Fortunat, or even to Valence; but, in the last case, he must be prepared to leave with the letters and to start at six in the morning.

The town, which stands high on the summit of a hill, overlooking ranges of hills on all sides, has only one main street. At each end is a fountain, whence all the water for daily use must be fetched in pitchers, and round which the women gather for a chat in the shade of the two tall poplars. The houses are generally of stone or stucco, roofed with rounded tiles, and have a picturesque appearance; and all the windows are furnished with wooden shutters, always closed during the heat of the day, which gives the houses the curious, blind, eyeless look peculiar to Southern towns. But, at least on market-days, there is no lack of life in the street itself, which is filled from end to end with buyers and sellers, and stalls for the sale of every sort of commodity.

Over the whole of the busy, active scene the church stands sentry, with its tall spire forming a convenient landmark for miles round. The present building was erected in comparatively recent times, and the



VERNOUX, D'ARDECHE.

spire, which was added later, was completed only a few years back. The cost was defrayed by voluntary subscriptions, while those who could not give money gave work. The group of men and boys depicted in the illustration, gathered in front of the church, were the band of voluntary masons, who went early and late to collect from the river the sand necessary for the mortar, and who otherwise assisted in the work.

The piety of the Catholics at Vernoux is perhaps somewhat stimulated by the presence of a large number of Protestants, and their zeal to build a beautiful church by the existence of a painfully ugly Protestant temple. Even now, after the lapse of close on three hundred years, embers of the bitter hatreds caused by the religious wars of the seventeenth century are still smouldering. The Calvinist insurrections in the Vivarais under Louis XIV. were by no means so fierce or so successful as in the Cevennes proper, but Vernoux was more than once occupied, sometimes by the Protestant and sometimes by the Royal troops. After the Camisard insurrection farther south had been stamped out in blood, it was to Vernoux that Abraham came, the last of the Protestant leaders, to make a final and fruitless effort to rouse the Vivarais to renew the struggle. With only two hundred men, he maintained the war for some months, but at length his little force was defeated and scattered, and he himself was taken and killed, and his

head exposed at Vernoux, in 1710. With his death the open resistance of the Calvinists ceased, the Protestant temples were destroyed, and the Protestant services could be held only in secret, while the total destruction of the faith was decreed by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. But the power even of the most absolute monarchs is very limited, and at the present day there are reckoned to be as many Protestants in the Cevennes as in the days of Louis XIV., and in almost every village, however small, close by the Roman Catholic Church there stands a Protestant temple.



VOLUNTARY CHURCH WORKERS AT VERNOUX.

MONTE CARLO AND MUSIC.

MR. ISIDORE DE LARA'S OPERA, "MESSALINE."

PALACE HOTEL: MONTE CARLO.

Away, away, midway between mountains and the outstretching Mediterranean is perched this little Principality of Monaco, in which nearly every aspect of human excitement is imaged in miniature. The



MENU OF SUPPER GIVEN AT MONTE CARLO BY MR. ISIDORE DE LARA.

the little people were always at play, while the blind Morlocks waited for them when the nights were dark. But all these characteristics of Monte Carlo have been, times without number, marked and noted. That which has been less dwelt upon (indeed, scarcely at all described) is the artistic side of the place, where genuinely sincere patronage of excellent art has made the gay little principality worthy of consideration in the artistic world. Such patronage has been generously, and with discrimination, given to music, and, as I write, there are the melodies and choruses of a new opera still singing in my ears. That opera is "Messaline," by Isidore de Lara.

A word about Mr. de Lara. Some years ago there were few more popular singers than he in England; there were few, too, more unpopular. Musical criticism, such as it was, sat upon him like a dark cloud, and there was none among the critics so poor as to do him reverence. He left England, and, musical criticism notwithstanding, he devoted himself to the art of music. Now I, who am signing my name to this paper, knew nothing of Mr. de Lara's capacity as a composer. That eminently outswing song, "The Garden of Sleep," was to me almost a stranger, and, if a man is only on nodding acquaintance with such a favourite, the profundity of his ignorance in regard to its creator may be realised dimly. I came to Monte Carlo, therefore, with a mind unprejudiced, disengaged, even a little blank. Mr. de Lara might have been anything—but anything from a Sterndale Bennett to a Wagner—for all I knew. Two years ago his "Moina" had been produced at Monte Carlo, and was, in the eyes of the writer whose opinion I respect most among the opinions of modern English critics a work of much virtue, and of greater promise. There was nothing then to bias me either way. I had no preconception to lead me to blame; I certainly had no compulsion to praise, for praise given without faith is the worst insult that one man can offer to another. Again, the mere fact that I knew nothing of Mr. de Lara's music seemed to me a reason beforehand for taking the whole situation lightheartedly. And so I sped to Monte Carlo, southward, southward, into a land of placid seas and warm skies, and flowered fields and rhythmic mountains—sped to the sudden revelation of a music that set me, without warning, without menace, without expectation, in the presence of a great artist. . . . It is a relief to have written the word, for it was necessary to say it, where it would have been far, far easier to have said something less superlative.

When I say that "Messaline" is a great opera, I mean the words definitely, sincerely, completely. I have heard it, in rehearsal and in actual performance, four times, and each time that I have heard it has added an additional covering of certainty to my judgment. Purcell wrote "Dido," Purcell wrote "King Arthur"; since Purcell laid down his pen and closed his young eyes in the great sleep, there has been no such work as this from an English composer. Every Act has its character, its own excellence; the third Act is marvellously beautiful; the fourth and last Act is on the heroic level. From the beginning you are prepared. The opening of the first Act will be called, by those who hear it for the first time, long and in parts superfluous. Hear it again, and you will find it full of exquisite preparations. Without hesitation or tremor, with amazing confidence and certainty, the thing sets out

with a proud sail before the wind. Rome, corrupt, beautiful, separate in detail, finished in a unified picture, brings you as the front and crown of her spirit and instinct Messalina, whose entry in the opera is the completion of those preparations of which I have spoken. The people, the indecent people, may rave against her, but she is the mistress of her fate. A singer, Harès, may voice the grievance of the people; but Messalina will see him, and will convince him of—herself. To be brief, she convinces him. Yet she is Messalina. Disguised and desirous, she steals by night to taverns for her satiety. Here Harès sings his ecstasy, encounters his brother Hélon—a magnificent gladiator, the theme of every enthusiasm in the city—and tells him of his love for the Empress of Rome. In and out of the crowd Messalina winds furtively, until there are some who observe her and make to unveil her disguise. In her need Hélon defends her, and it is now her passion to convince Hélon as she convinced Harès—Harès who recognises her as she leads Hélon away. You are transported to the palace of Messalina, who brings thither her Hélon; but Harès must find her and reproach her while Hélon is concealed in a distant chamber. Harès is loved no more, and the slaves are bidden to throw him into the Tiber, from which, by a miracle, he escapes. You are now at the Colosseum, where Messalina awaits her gladiator, who, ignorant of the name of his mistress, seeks audience of the Empress to claim his brother from her list. You are face to face with a great dramatic situation when she reveals herself, and you reach even a greater when Harès, rushing from without to murder Messalina, is killed by his brother, not knowing what he did. As Hélon, in his flood of grief, flings himself to the lions in the arena, Messalina looks out upon the ruins of her maniac and insatiable passion, while the dead hands of Harès cling to her robe.

It would be impossible to describe the drama of "Messaline" thus if the thing did not live in the imagination through the music of Mr. de Lara. It is a living, a vital piece of work. From the first song of Harès to the magnificent declamation of the gladiator at the end, there is no real pause in the certainty of the inspiration. Tamagno, Madame Héglon, Bouvêt, Mlle. Leclercq, Soulaacroix, and others, secured for the opera a very fine interpretation indeed, while Mr. Gunsberg's stage-management was marvellously clever and effective.

. . . You wanted some breath, some fresh air. Messalina and her lovers, music luminous with passion and flaming sincerity, singers tearing the heart with emotion—these had been overpowering for the hour. The moon was up; the stars were like lamps, swollen with light. The sea rolled on into the spaces of the world. Shall I go to rest, with a longing reminiscence (to make a niggling particularisation) that this Palace Hotel is as inviting as it is humanly comfortable? Not I; not for any hotel



MADAME HÉGLON IN "MESSALINE."

that ever made an invitation to a tired man. I went down to the sea, and waited for the sun to rise slowly into a primrose sky out of the moving water. Now the moon was gone. The stars had died. The broad heaven was alight. . . . To think now of "Messaline" was to remember that, under all, the brain of man still toiled upon the difficult pathway of art.

VERNON BLACKBURN.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

From latest information to hand, I am sorry to say that Holocauste, the French grey, has very little chance of winning the English Derby. The colt is a convenience, so says a Parisian friend of mine whose opinion is always worth having. On the other hand, I have in my travels heard the very best



A FINE ROYAL.
SHOT IN LORD TWEEDMOUTH'S FOREST OF GUISSACHAN.
Photo by Munro, Dingwall.

accounts of Birkenhead, who is trained by Sam Darling at Beckhampton. I sang the praises of this colt often in *The Sketch* last year, but up to now he has not been given a chance to distinguish himself. He is by Orme out of Tragedy, and is said to be a fine, upstanding colt. He may run for the Derby and the Guineas, and, if my information is correct, he is very likely to win both races, although he will have his work cut out to beat Caiman with Sloan in the saddle at Newmarket.

No one has noticed the fact that Manifesto and General Peace are trained on the Hampshire Downs within a few miles of one another. Strange, too,

is it that these horses came to hand so early, seeing that the animals trained hard by at Kingsclere are seldom ready to run before the Epsom Spring Meeting. I am more than ever convinced now that horses can be better trained for early engagements and for long races either on the Wiltshire, Hampshire, or Berkshire Downs than they can at Newmarket, and I am not surprised to find owners coming round to my way of thinking. Take Beckhampton and Manton, where five-mile gallops straight away are available the year round. The ground is never too hard, neither in the midst of winter nor in the middle of the hottest summer.

Several slips have been made by some of the racing reporters of late when sending off results, and it would seem as though the old-time motto, "In doubt, leave out," will have to be discarded. The evening papers work to seconds, and it is simply useless to telegraph the right result even half-a-minute after the wrong one has appeared on the tape. I do not think it pays in the long run to anticipate the judge's verdict with regard to the placings in big handicaps, as in all the big races many of the horses are backed for a place, while many more are backed to win only. The consequence of all this is that, while some horses are eased in the last few strides, others are sent out for all they are worth to get the place money, and oftener than not they get it too.

Now that the Bank Holiday meetings are over, we shall get some better racing, and future events will once more engage the attention of speculators. I am, however, told that the big bookmakers do not intend to be in any hurry to lay big bets on the City and Suburban before the day, as the engineers of big coups have hit the ring very hard over the big races since the Liverpool Cup was decided last year. I often think that some owners put their horses in big handicaps just as feelers, to be let into the secrets of any coup that is contemplated by other owners having horses in the race. Further, I fancy some of the jockeys are such wonderful judges of form that they know before the white flag falls what will win.

The recent cold snap caused a deal of sickness among racecourse frequenters who stood on the cold stands without their overcoats. The jockeys, too, suffered very much from the cold, but silk is a capital covering in winter as well as in summer. However, in these days of bullet-proof clothing, I wonder no one has invented a material that would keep out the cold while not adding much to the weight to be carried in the saddle. I remember being told by the lumbermen in the backwoods of Canada that they used to keep themselves warm by wearing thick brown paper under their waistcoats, and as a chest-protector I believe brown paper would take a lot of beating. But it is not, of course, an ideal form of clothing, and the man who gives us a cloth of little weight, yet of sufficient thickness to keep us comfortable, will soon amass a big fortune.

Tod Sloan has been very much off-colour since he arrived in England, but he is gradually getting fit, and I expect he will once more astonish us with his feats in the saddle presently. Sloan is very likely to shine at all the Newmarket meetings, and he can be safely followed at the Epsom fixtures. He will, too, ride some good horses at Ascot, but I am afraid the horses under the charge of Huggins are not quite wound up yet. Sloan will do a lot of riding for the stables managed by Marsh, C. Archer, and R. Sherwood, three trainers who up to now have managed to more than hold their own. Marsh, I happen to know, has a full stable of really first-class animals under his charge.

Mr. R. H. Fry, the leviathan bookmaker, has let the world know that he is owed a million of money, which gives us some idea of the big transactions that take place over horse-races. Many people think that the Pari-Mutuel should be adopted in this country, and, upon my word, I think the little secret given to us by Mr. Fry is a very strong argument in favour of the French system of betting. Under the Pari-Mutuel, you must pay as you go, and it is impossible for anyone to bet without ready-money; therefore there is no chance of losing a fortune "on the nod," even though you do not happen to possess one—a fortune, I mean.

CAPTAIN COE.

The extreme danger of following up wounded tiger or panther on foot in the jungle has once more been proved at the price of a valuable life. On March 4, Mr. Biddulph, Deputy Commissioner of Ellichpore, with two friends, was tracking a panther which had been wounded the previous evening, when the beast sprang upon Mr. Biddulph, knocked him down, and mauled him so severely that he died two days afterwards. A feature of the sad business was the pluck of a native constable, who ran close up to the panther and shot it through the head while it was on Mr. Biddulph. The big-game shooting season in India is well begun now, and it is to be hoped that this fatality, occurring just at its commencement, will serve to warn the incautious; but opportunity to express that hope has unhappily occurred nearly every hot weather for a great many years past.

The Compagnie Transatlantique, whose officers about a year ago made a series of experiments with homing pigeons at sea, have organised their pigeon-post with ingenious and elaborate arrangements for the transmission of photographically reduced messages from steamers at sea back to Europe. The sceptical mind, however, inquires how far the birds will fall in with the arrangements. If, as experts in pigeon-flying tell us, the record distance flown in a day, so far, is 530 miles, and pigeons do not fly at night, about that distance would appear to be the maximum over which the birds can be trusted. True, the messengers may perch on convenient vessels for the night, and proceed next day; but, again, the experts produce ample proof that it is mere chance whether a pigeon that stays out to roost ever arrives home; and if that be the case on land, one would suppose the chances against recovering the right line of flight would be much greater when the sleeping bird is carried a hundred miles or so out of its course. Possibly the pigeon at sea is shy of the hospitality of passing ships and continues its flight through the dark hours: migrating birds fly at night, and why should not the homer?

The Zoological expedition to Socotra, whose departure from England was recorded in *The Sketch* in November last, has returned. The results are less interesting than had been anticipated: the animals on the island proved to be few, and the skins of wild ass, civet cat, and a large variety of rat, are the chief items. Some birds believed to be new to science were obtained, and among the butterflies captured was a monster as big as a sparrow when on the wing.



"TOMMIES" AS TELEGRAPH OPERATORS.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

When to light up: Wednesday, April 5, 7.38; Thursday, 7.39; Friday, 7.40; Saturday, 7.42; Sunday, 7.44; Monday, 7.45; Tuesday, 7.47.

I wasn't present at the N.C.U. birthday dinner, and so didn't hear Mr. Balfour's speech on cycling. But I was in the House of Commons—where cruel circumstance holds me now o' nights—and I saw the fix in



A BICYCLIST IN BAGDAD.

which the Leader of the House was that night. It was the last evening of the debate on the London Government Bill, a provision to give us all the opportunity of becoming Mayor of our particular locality, and he had charge of the measure. Usually, Mr. Balfour spends his time on the Treasury Bench, sprawling over it in a lackadaisical way. But that night he had a mass of work. He had a red-cased despatch-box on his knee. It was crammed with papers. He was reading them, scribbling on the side of them, signing them. There he sat during the hours, six, seven, and eight o'clock, when nearly all other members had forsaken the Chamber. It looked as though he had forgotten his appointment to dine with the cyclists. But no. He took out his watch, and laid it on the seat by him. Still at work he kept, but every now and then he gave a glance at the watch. Suddenly, with a snap, down he banged the lid of the despatch-box, stuck his watch into his pocket, and dashed from the House. A hansom whisked him to the N.C.U. dinner, but he was late, and he was not in evening-dress. He had a sip of soup and a snack of fish, got up and gave a rousing speech in praise of the pastime, ran away, got another hansom, and by ten o'clock was back on the Treasury Bench, and soon after rose and delivered one of the most brilliant orations he has ever given in St. Stephen's. To my mind, the pleasing thing in connection with Mr. Balfour's appearance at the N.C.U. dinner was not his speech adulatory of wheeling—because it is in the nature of things to be adulatory at a banquet—but that he should have shown his practical interest in cycling by tearing himself away from Parliamentary work on one of the most important nights in the Session.

"Major" Taylor, the negro cyclist of America, proposes to run over to England in a month or two on a record-smashing expedition. Taylor is a long, bony black man who goes almost mad when riding. There isn't a rider in the States that can touch him; in the wild fury of sheer force he tears away from everybody. He holds the one-mile world record. He rides a chainless bicycle.

When these lines are published, the majority of my readers will, I hope, be enjoying their little Eastertide tour. Now that riding has set in for the season, people should endeavour to regulate their cycling. Nothing is so bad for any man than not to ride, say, for a fortnight, and then to start off in an unfit condition for a spin of fifty or sixty miles. I can quite conceive that many a cyclist will pick up this copy of *The Sketch* far from home. He may be an ardent wheelman, but in his heart he mildly grumbles at having started on a tour, for he is very weary and all his muscles ache. This is simply because he hasn't taken care to get into condition. When I have been "fit," I have ridden eighteen hours at a stretch and not felt tired. So let cyclists even start now getting ready for Whitsuntide. Three parts of the enjoyment lies in riding with ease. I am ready to scoff with the most rampant of anti-cyclists at the man who sits awkwardly, has his tongue lolling out, perspires copiously, and all the while pretends he is really having a splendid time. If between now and Whitsuntide you do an average each day of ten miles—and that is only an hour and a-half's cycling for the dawdler—you will, come the Whitsun holidays, be able to do your thirty and forty miles a-day with but little fatigue.

The other day I was whizzing along from Esher to Surbiton, when suddenly I met a mounted policeman on the look-out for the "scorcher." It is now the rule, I believe, for the Portsmouth road to be patrolled by the police. This is a much better plan than to lie in hiding. Those patrolling policemen have a deterrent effect upon "scorching." And

yet I would almost prefer the "scorchers" to the incompetent riders I encountered on the same road. There is a good deal to be said of the plan in practice in some countries that a cyclist must first get a licence of proficiency before being allowed on the public roads. When I see so much bad riding, I marvel there are not more accidents. There is the very haziest notion among some folks what is the rule of the road. Now, if the Kingston constables, who, of course, know all about cycling and speed, would summons half-a-dozen people for being a nuisance to others by cycling badly, they would be giving evidence that they are impartial and bear no malice.

The latest dodge is the decoy bicycle. It's no uncommon thing to see one or two ladies' safeties standing near the door of village hostelrys. Impressionable young men, attracted by the prospect of catching a glimpse of fair wheelwomen, dismount, saunter in, and order refreshment. But they don't behold the ladies. Those bicycles outside are put there by the landlord—knowing the weaknesses of the man cyclist—merely to stimulate custom.

A cinder cycle-track has been made from Brussels to Waterloo. How long is it to be before we have a little cinder-track by the roadside from London to Brighton? English people are so much in the habit of thinking they live in the best of all possible worlds that it comes often quite as a surprise to them when they discover other countries ahead of them. And even little Belgium is ahead of us in cycling facilities.

Personally, I'm getting tired of hearing how cyclists in Africa have been chased by roaring lions. A new story has come from Berlin of two wheelmen on a tandem having been chased sixty miles by a wild horse. The reason they escaped was because the horse tired. This, perhaps, isn't wholly a lie. Horses are often much interested in bicycles, and will follow long distances, actuated by curiosity. I have myself, in Western America, been followed many miles by an inquisitive horse, and it was with the utmost difficulty, after pelting the brute with grass-tufts, that I got him to turn back. There are two cyclists in Calcutta who have a story how they were once chased and stoned by monkeys in the Bengal jungle. I have myself a yarn about being chased by a tiger in the Bengal jungle; but I tell it only in after-dinner speeches, when the audience is not too critical. It is awkward otherwise when a man cold-bloodedly asks, "And was that story really true?"

It is a great pity several big landowners have threatened not to allow refreshments to be sold to cyclists on Sundays in the villages where they have the controlling voice. It is, of course, not pleasant to have a noisy lot of fellows bawling about a usually peaceful hamlet during a Sunday afternoon. In regard to them, it is quite easy to appreciate the landowner's desire to prevent his village having an attraction. But it is really a great pity to punish the many for the few. The men who cycle on Sunday are usually those who are cooped up in shops and offices on week-days. Now and then there is naturally a little exuberance of spirits. But, as a rule, there is no body of men better-behaved than cyclists. If the landlords, instead of shutting up the refreshment-houses, would just ask the cyclists to keep good order, there is no wheelman, however jubilant at being out in the open air, and inclined to sing comic songs,



THE CHRISTCHURCH (NEW ZEALAND) CYCLING CLUB TEAM,
WHICH WON A 100-MILE ROAD CHAMPIONSHIP IN 4 HOURS 29½ MINUTES.
Photo by Standish and Prece, Christchurch, New Zealand.

who would not at once comply. I, therefore, do hope the landlords will not carry out their threat. It wouldn't be generous to men who live in the smoke of cities and who have no desire to be rowdy. J. F. F

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

THE CUCKOO—NOT AT THE AVENUE THEATRE.

The cuckoo is with us again, not merely at the footlights, but in Nature itself, and "Our Country Correspondent" all over England is writing that annual paragraph of his in which he declares that the notes of the "harbinger of spring" have been heard again.



A CUCKOO.

Photo by Newman, Berkhamstead.

Local traditions often associate the time of the bird's arrival with some annual event—for instance, in the neighbourhood of Chesham, Bucks, "The Fair" is the time when the bird should appear, but April 17 is the usual date of his welcome appearance, welcome not only for his own sake, but as the real "harbinger of spring." Undoubtedly the chief characteristic of the bird is its habit of appropriating another bird's nest, generally that of a much smaller species, and the robin, wren, wagtail, greenfinch, linnet, chaffinch, duncock, skylark, titlark, all at times have to yield up their nest to the cuckoo. The strangest thing about it is that they do so willingly, and even submit to the sacrifice of their own eggs and offspring. There are exceptions, as in the instance here illustrated, that of a titlark, for, on visiting the nest a few days after taking the photograph, I found the owner had ejected the cuckoo's egg. This nest was placed among the strawberry-plants growing in a large garden near to some beech-woods, a favourable situation for the cuckoo, there being plenty of its favourite food, insects, caterpillars, and spiders, close at hand, with the wood as a retreat. In this case, the cuckoo had no difficulty in placing her egg in the nest, but the eggs have been found in situations that it was impossible for such a large bird to reach the nest with any part of the body except the head; consequently, she must have carried the egg in her bill, and thus deposited it in the nest. The eggs, four to six in number, are laid about the middle of May, at which time there are any number of nests for the bird to use. How she manages to deposit the egg without exciting the hostility of the owner of the nest is somewhat of a mystery, for her appearance is generally the signal for a commotion among the feathered denizens of the woods, and I have often seen a flock of small birds chasing her with shrill cries along the hedgerows; but, when once the egg is laid, the little bird, almost without exception, sits on both her own and the strange egg, until, as often happens, the latter is hatched first. Then the tragedy begins, for no sooner is the young cuckoo able to move than it ejects everything else from the nest; it may be eggs or young birds, but they have to go, the flat shape of its upper bill greatly assisting in the process. On rare occasions, two cuckoos have been hatched in the same nest; then, indeed, there is a commotion. The natural instinct of each prompts it to remove its fellow, and a life-and-death struggle takes place, the weakest eventually being ejected. It is a curious fact that when a few days old the flat depression in the young cuckoo's bill fills up—that is, when it is no longer needed.

The young bird is a voracious eater, and is constantly demanding more, the foster-parents having to work from dawn to dusk; this labour continues for five or six weeks, and there must be some fascination about the young cuckoo that makes other birds wish to feed it. I have seen them attending to its wants long after it has left the nest.

The young cuckoo here depicted was not quite full-fledged, but it displayed all the characteristics of its kind, rising and striking at one's hand with a sharp snap of the bill, and fighting fiercely when removed from the comfortable nest to a suitable position to sit for its portrait. This accomplished, I returned it to its adopted home and retired some distance to watch. Presently the foster-mother appeared, and was making for the nest, when the young cuckoo, doubtless mistaking her for those who had so recently disturbed it, rose up and struck spitefully at her, causing her to retreat with a

cry of alarm; but she soon returned, and hovered up and down a few inches from the nest, twittering the while. This performance was repeated several times, until at last the young bird recognised the wagtail and took the food she offered.

The retreat chosen by the wagtail for its nest was an ideal haunt for the species: a small, clear stream, rippling over a bed of stones, meandered through osier-beds and pasture; and the situation was also a favourable one for the young cuckoo, as, although it completely outgrew the accommodation afforded by the adopted nest, three-parts of its body being well above the edge, so well did its plumage assimilate with the surroundings that one had to look very closely to discover it.

It used to be said that cuckoos could not be kept in confinement, but only last year I heard of a gentleman in Glasgow who had succeeded in keeping one for two seasons, and, curiously, the bird did not utter its note except in the spring-time. His success in rearing it at all must be regarded as an exception which proves the rule, the bird being universally regarded as an annual visitor, whose advent marks the coming of the spring, and whose novelty is one of her greatest charms.

J. T. N.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

AFTER DINNER.

The dominoes sail in their boat
Across the stormy carpet-sea,
Above the hassock-rock they float,
For they are pirates bold and free.

The reckless Captain Double-Five
Leads all his good and gallant clan
To slay, or, better, take alive
A rich and wicked merchant-man.

That merchant-man is Double-Six,
Prosperous and stout, and glum and grim;
He makes his wealth by tradesman's tricks,
So pirates have a right to him.

Backed by the Fours and Twos he stands,
But Double-Five with Ones and Threes
Slays him and takes his house and lands,
And sails victorious over seas.

The Twos and Fours are scattered wide,
And from the dungeon deep and dank
Brave Double-Five sets free his bride,
The pale, sweet lady, Double-Blank.

Then, on some island far away
The almond-goat they slay for food;
Wild herds of raisins are their prey
Upon the sideboard's solitude

Then home the Captain leads his men,
And in their fortress-box we fix
The troop of splendid pirate men
Who slew the tyrant Double-Six!



A CUCKOO'S EGG IN A TITLARK'S NEST.

Photo by Newman, Berkhamstead.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

Somebody remarked the other day, and very truly, that the number of people who go everywhere and do everything yearly increases. Since South African gold has come into fashion and Stock Exchange fortunes have been made every half-hour, more or less, this multiplication of

Midas has gone on apace, and, with Klondyke in the present and other places in the future, we shall soon arrive, doubtless, at the state of things which will place the poor man on that pedestal at present occupied by certain orchids, early Mauritius stamps, black pearls, and other exotic productions of art or nature. The horde of rich English—not all necessarily of the Vere de Vere caste—that wishes to share the inherited privileges of that dwindling minority grows daily greater, and now at last the Foreign Office has had to step in, with a view to protecting officials abroad who are overborne with expectant Joneses, Browns, and Robinsons travelling abroad with their families.

The subject of letters of introduction has, indeed, been a burning one for some time, and a climax was sure to arrive sooner or later. Up to now, when the enterprising newly rich went far afield, her Majesty's Ministers and Consuls were expected to receive and entertain the all and sometimes very sundry who presented these drafts on the bank of hospitality. To such an extent has this dinner-giving tax grown of late years, that various representations have been made, however, with the recent result of a declaration with which we are all acquainted. Those who present letters of intro-

duction in future will, therefore, reap no social benefits unless personally known or for special reasons particularly entitled to consideration from the powers that be. The new rule has been introduced none too soon. Great dissatisfaction was felt last year in Cairo at the promiscuous invitations successfully angled for and sent forth for the Khedivial Ball and other large functions. During the past season there was a noticeable difference in the number and quality of those bidden to such entertainments, beginning with the Khedive's dance. In Rome also many complaints have been made, and the Queen, most amiable and charming of women, has at last been obliged to make a stand, and even threatened to discontinue her evening receptions unless the number of indiscriminate presentations made to her at these functions was put a stop to.

Returning to our inevitable muttons of what to wear and how to wear it, the complete revolution in clothes which this season will see cannot fully evidence itself until the weather, being of milder humour, shall enable us to throw off wrappings and emerge in proper form of the fashions destined for us. The majority of spring gowns are made with Princess tunics, both bodice and skirt in one, the latter adhering closely to the lines and curves of figure, full about the feet, with pointed trains which will grow longer as the season advances. Crêpe-de-Chine is one of the most popular materials, cashmere another, as both are so adapted to the sinuous curves and draperies of the mode. One cannot see how these



A SPRING WALKING-COSTUME.



AN ARTISTIC TEA-GOWN.

experts at this sort of work. In many new shapes there is a reminiscence of the old "curtain," only instead of lying down demurely as it did over our grandmothers' back-hair, this modern version stands quite rampant and erect to allow for a plentiful array of trimming underneath. The Alpine crowns of long ago are also bent on claiming a share of notice, for

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a number of the latest French models are built in this way. Apropos of Paris millinery, the Maison Paquin, of Dover Street, has introduced an innovation which will certainly interest its already wide and prosperous *clientèle* to know. Every morning a large consignment of the latest and best modes will be on view in the new rooms devoted to millinery, and every evening any models left unsold will be sent back to the Paris house, so that one may rely on having fresh and exclusive fashions every day as regularly as the matutinal breakfast-roll, and will, furthermore, have the required impetus to making up our minds, seeing that for one day only will each despatch of millinery masterpieces remain in London.

What the world is indebted for to Drew and Sons, of Piccadilly Circus, all those who use their now universal inventions of travelling luncheon- and tea-baskets well know. But it is only a woman owning expensive and cherished specimens of millinery that can properly feel her obligations to the same manufacturers in the matter of their latest departure—the new hat-case. In this smart and moderately priced boon to womanhood five or six hats can be packed safely and comfortably away. The most delicate feathers and trimmings cannot get crushed in



[Copyright.]

POPPIES AND CORN.

travelling, notwithstanding the best efforts of even American railway porters, as the hats are pinned with special hat-pins on soft wicker cones. No metal claws or clasps are used, which often damage delicate bindings. The case itself, strongly made and covered in dark-brown waterproofed sail-cloth, which is again bound with leather, makes the most presentable as it is emphatically the most useful part of one's travelling impedimenta. Any woman who can now afford herself a smart hat should also add to the purchase one of these shrines and safeguards of millinery, and the Drew travelling hat-box, I make little doubt, will shortly accompany the comings and goings of every well-bestowed maid or madam in these islands.

The world, on its way back from one winter place or another, whether it be Biskra or Biarritz, generally arranges to cry halt in Paris, if only for a week—the women with a view to chiffons; the men—but with them we have, in these fenced-in columns, less than little to do. Now that Easter is over, there is a reasonable hope that fad-lals will at last have a chance of developing their attractions at home, for, between Siberian weather and the sartorial eclipse always brought on by Lent, there has been, so far, little in millinery matters with which to gladden the Metropolitan eye. It is different in the South, where, by a sapphire sea, the Northern winter may be forgotten and set at naught. During months when stay-at-homes cower by the fireside in curtained, cosy corners, the little green lizards bask on sun-baked walls along the blue Mediterranean, their bronze-green bodies immovable in the heat as a mossy stone until the passing footfall scares them into cover. On freezing nights, when the east wind whistles round our lintels at home, white sails flit through warm night-air by the Algerian or Riviera coast-line. Small wonder, then, that latest adaptations of mousseline or chiffon must wait till our insular limitations are reached (atmospherically speaking) before it becomes possible to display them here. Now, however, and at last, we may really order the carriage and speed to the dressmaker's with as much haste as seems good to us, for, in four little weeks, summer, according to all respectable tradition, will be here, and, since the time for gathering ye roses is so short, we must each see that our basket of blossom be crammed as full as it can hold.

The new versions of this queen of flowers are, by the way, rendered particularly imposing by the French flower-maker just now, and never have artificial roses for trimming bonnet or bodice been so large, so

natural, or so luscious as at the present. Apropos of roses, a Princess dress of white gauze over white silk for garden-party wear has trails of La France roses painted on the tunic and bodice, while the new epaulettes which have begun to appear on many frocks are in this instance treated to crinkled pink rose-leaves done in silk, and overlapping each other on these pointed epaulettes with quite charming effect. Another treatment of the universal rose of this season's favour will appear on one of the early May Drawing-Room gowns. The dress of rich white satin is covered with an embroidered design of roses in gauze, with velvet leaflets, which are here and there jewelled with paste to represent dew-drops. These flowers, being wrought in natural colours, have a delightful effect.

Fuchsias, mimosa, shaded hydrangeas, and the large roses aforesaid are in the "pink of fashion," as our grandmothers would say, and, together with marabout-feathers, will play a part in smart summer millinery. Buckles of every shape and size are employed, dull gold superseding the paste of our late faithful affections. So much for minor matters; now concerning the more stern stuff of the tailor-gown, which, notwithstanding all more ornamental interlopers, still sways the exterior of quite three-quarters of the feminine population in these islands. The chief divergence in the matter of this conservative garment is that stitchings are the mark of the latest mode. Loose, semi-fitting, and quite short sacs are the smartest form of jacket, sharing the honours with the little basqued coat we all know and affect for the moment. Lapels, sleeves, vest, not to add skirt, are all machine-stitched, and I can think of no form of decoration more appropriate to the style of tailor-mades, the distinguishing feature of which should be a smart simplicity. It is, indeed, but in well-achieved outlines that we have in any way altered the traditions of dress from the present hour to that of many years ago. The *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine* of the early 'forties announces in an April number that "buff cloth dresses are now in the mode, being made with short cut-away jackets, little waistcoats, and braided skirts." Here might stand the summing-up of a Bond Street tailor in '99. "The scarf braided to match" which was then carried on the arm we have dispensed with in these utilitarian days, though I hear rumours from Paris of silken scarves in the best early Victorian manner to go with our summer muslins.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

AGATHA (Aldershot).—I do not think Paquin could send you millinery on approval, because, as I explain elsewhere, even if for no other reason, their models are returned to Paris each evening. If you cannot get to town before your party, you might write and ask them—I have no doubt they would oblige you in any way possible.

SYBIL.

BOOKS ON BIRDS.

Only too seldom does Dr. Bowdler Sharpe give a popular audience a glimpse in print of his vast stores of information concerning birds. For several years past his lectures on the "Curiosities of Bird Life" have delighted old and young, and the thousands who have heard him will accord a welcome to the warmest to the fascinating book, "Wonders of the Bird World" (Wells, Gardner, Darton, and Co.), which contains those lectures in somewhat amplified form. Dr. Sharpe has seen much and has studied much; his position in the Bird Department of the Natural History Museum is one of unrivalled opportunity for acquiring all that is latest and most reliable in the shape of information; and he has laid all corners of the earth under contribution to produce a delightful medley of curious detail. The scheme of the book compels abrupt changes of scene. For example, in dealing with "Playing grounds," we visit New Guinea for the Birds of Paradise, Malaya for the Argus Pheasant, Guiana for that strange fowl the Cock of the Rock, and Australia to renew acquaintance with those tried friends the Bower-birds. Dr. Sharpe adopts the plan of taking a peculiarity as his text and passing in review the birds that more especially exemplify it, whence the propinquity in his pages of species geographically remote. Such themes as Decoration and Wonderful Nests bring candidates for notice from China and Peru, and all are handled in the pleasant, light-handed fashion which made the author's lectures so enjoyable. Mr. A. T. Elwes has contributed numerous clever illustrations, not a few of them from the exhibition-cases in the South Kensington Galleries.

"Notes on Cage-Birds" (Second Series: Upcott Gill) better describes the contents of the book edited by Mr. W. T. Greene than the sub-title. There are Practical Hints on the Management of Cage-Birds in abundance in the three hundred and twenty-five pages or more of small type which form the volume; but, inasmuch as the contents are selections from articles, letters, and notes which have appeared in the *Bazaar* during the last sixteen years, there is a large proportion of reminiscence and anecdote gathered about the "practical" items. This may well be condoned, as it lends the book an interest it had not otherwise possessed, and a good index enables the searcher after practical information to find what he may need. The many writers whose articles and letters make up the book seem to have had among them every possible feathered pet, and a few which most of us would dismiss as impossible at sight, including the unattractive rook. The very large majority of the fanciers describe the manners and customs of the aviary rather than the cage, and it is good to see that the editor lays stress upon the superior attractions of birds, whether British or foreign, when kept in a large aviary, where they can fly and climb after their kind. Nevertheless, all bird-keepers will profit by perusal of a book which shows that health and humane treatment go hand-in-hand.

CITY NOTES.

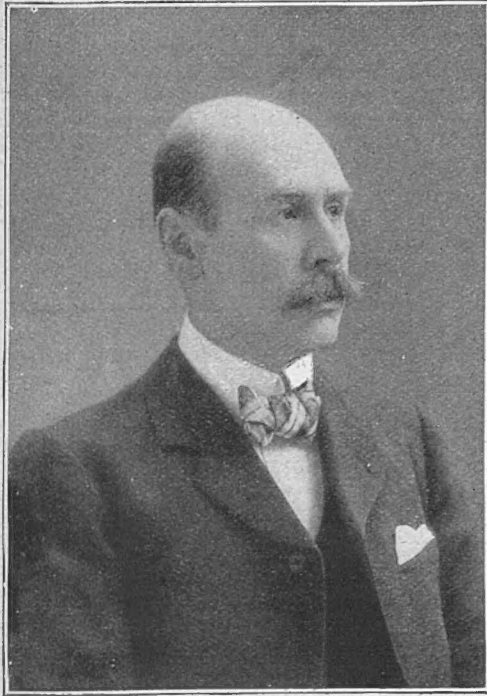
The Next Settlement begins on April 11.

THREE MONTHS' FINANCE.

CONSOLS AND INVESTMENT STOCKS.

The first quarter of 1899 has proved a very pleasant one for the Stock Exchange. Even apart from the Yankee and Kaffir booms, there has been a very fair amount of general business doing throughout the markets, taken as a whole. The year opened with a fair demand for money, and the Bank Rate stood at 4 per cent. It speedily became apparent, however, that the amount of loanable capital was growing every day, and in three weeks' time the Bank Directors reduced the minimum

to 3½ per cent. A good many people asked at the time why the Bank did not take the cherry in a single bite, but the second came soon after, and on Feb. 2 the Bank Rate fell to 3 per cent., at which it now stands. Consols have felt rather acutely the influence of Downing Street diplomacy, and for some weeks there was a heavy line of "money" stock hanging about which the market seemed incapable of digesting. The death of M. Faure brought fears of a *coup d'état* in Paris, the effect of which would have been to cause a serious fall in Consols, but the price rallied in a very short time. Vague talk has been abroad as to suspending the Sinking Fund purchases and guaranteeing the debts



MR. J. R. GEARD,
OF THE "MORNING LEADER" AND "STAR."
Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

of India, either of which, it was imagined, would increase the floating supply of Trust Investments and cause Consols to become cheaper. Nothing, however, has come of either proposal, but India stocks have been very strong recently upon the Budget showing. The Three per Cents, for example, are now 108 ex-div., comparing with 106½ at the beginning of the year. Consols are quoted at 111 ex-div., or ½ higher than on New Year's Eve, the price being the same as it was on that day.

The beginning of the year was signalled by the success with which several of the Colonies planted new loans in London. Three per Cent. Colonials became almost fashionable for a brief time, and, fortunately, the borrowing was kept within reasonable bounds. There has been fresh talk of admitting some of the Colonial loans to the Trustee List, but the idea has assumed no definite shape.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Politics is usually the dominant note of the Foreign Market, and events this year have, so far, harmonised with the general rule. Russia and China once more became the skeleton of the House, the opposition of the former to the Newchang Railway having acted as a damper to dealings generally, withdrawn though it was some weeks ago. In January, too, occurred some slight diplomatic friction over Samoa, which had the effect of temporarily depressing prices. Upon the death of M. Faure in the third week of February, another set-back took place, but the market has been inclined to look upon the more cheerful side of things, as may be seen by a representative table—

	Dec. 31, 1898.	M.U.	March 27, 1899.	Rise or Fall.
Argentine Funding	93½	...	94½	+ 1
Brazil, 1889	55½	...	63	+ 7½
Chili, 1889	82	...	85	+ 3
Chinese Silver	100	...	101½	+ 1½
French 3 per cents	101½	...	102	+ ½
Greek Monopoly	49	...	50¾	+ 1¾
Italian	94½	...	93¾	- ½
Turks Group "B"	47½	...	46	- 1½
Spanish	46½	...	58¾	+ 12¾

The Argentine gold premium has remained comparatively steady; but the Brazilian exchange, after a sudden upward rush, relapsed to the neighbourhood of sevenpence again. On March 1 the destruction of paper money in the land "where the nuts come from" was announced, and the efforts of Brazil to set her finances in order has been reflected in the price of her securities. A "revolution" in Uruguay resulted in the return to power of Cuestas and his party, with a consequent appreciation of the country's credit. Santa Fé has completed the arrangements for conversion of part of her debt into Argentine Bonds, and the Five per Cents, which were quoted at 51 at the beginning of the year, are now about 8 points higher under their new denomination.

HOME RAILS.

It cannot be said that 1899 has, so far, brought much in the way of prosperity to the Home Railway Market. Among the features of the quarter, the question of new capital powers bulks largely. The North-Eastern Company opened the ball in January by applying to Parliament for permission to issue £4,000,000 sterling, and the Great Central report foreshadowed the creation of no less than £5,000,000 sterling. Then the South-Eastern Company made an issue of nearly a million, and the Midland market has been trembling under the fears of a fresh emission from Derby.

On the whole, prices in the Railway Market have been good. The dividends in January and February presented no startling features, with the exception of a severe disappointment for South-Western Deferred stockholders, and another for the proprietors of the Barry Company, whose dividend was at the rate of 3 per cent. instead of the 10 per cent. of the corresponding half-year. The extraordinary mistake with regard to the South-Eastern dividend aroused a storm of indignation at the time. Of the Scotch companies, the North British dividend was ½ per cent. better than it was a year ago, but the company's stocks have been depressed owing to the split upon its Board of Directors. Coming nearer London, South-Eastern and Chatham stocks were "banged" upon the opposition to the virtual amalgamation of the two lines; Districts have fluctuated wildly upon equally wild rumours of the absorption of the line by one or more of the larger companies—a fact which will probably be shortly accomplished. The City and South London issue of new capital in order to extend the line to Islington was not greatly liked, and the opening of the Great Central for passenger traffic on March 9 failed to exercise any stimulating effect upon the price of "Sheffield" stocks. The suspicions with which the market was disposed to regard the proposal for automatic couplings, which would have entailed a huge outlay on the part of the railway companies, has been quieted by the withdrawal of the Government measure.

YANKEES.

The Wall Street Boom! That has been the feature of the American Market in the last three months. Its causes were as mysteriously general as those which lead to most booms. Chief among them we may note the gradual restoration of public confidence after the Hispano-American conflict, the farmers in the West suddenly finding themselves rich men through the bountiful harvest of the autumn, the bumper traffics. All these played their part in helping the wily financiers of Wall Street to encourage the gigantic snowball of speculation which led to the turnover of more than a million shares day after day in the New York Stock Exchange, while the two seats that have lately been sold in the building fetched prices far above anything quoted in previous years.

In January, the Louisville and Nashville directors declared a dividend at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum, being the first of any kind of return which the shareholders had received since July 1893. The Chicago and Milwaukee Railroad maintains its 5 per cent. dividend, and of the Preference shares of the reconstructed lines, those of the Atchison, Northern Pacific, and Southern Railways have all received 1 per cent., while Denver Pref. has got as much as 2. Without taking dividends into account, we find the following alterations in prices—

Security.	Dec. 31, 1898.	M.U.	March 27, 1899.	Rise.
Atchison Pref.	53¾	...	65½	11½
Baltimore and Ohio	72	...	72½	½
Central Pacific	43½	...	53	9½
Chicago and Milwaukee	121½	...	131¾	10½
Denver Pref.	73	...	78	5
Louisville	67	...	68½	1½
Ontario	19¾	...	29½	9¾
North Pacific Common	45½	...	53¾	8½
Union Common	45½	...	49	3½

The Central Pacific reconstruction was utilised as a lever for organising a sharp rise in the shares of the company, while combination rumours have been turned out at an average of one or two per diem, that between the Lake Shore and the New York Central Companies being one of the most interesting. The tremendous blizzard which only a few weeks ago swept over the United States had the effect of damping the ardour of some of the "bulls," but, this influence withdrawn, the market again has gone ahead, although rather more prudently than before. The craze for trusts and combines of all kinds is, however, a very dangerous factor in the situation, and one which may cause the spring boom to be suddenly nipped in the bud.

CANADIAN AND FOREIGN RAILWAYS.

The Grand Trunk stocks experienced a sharp rise when it was announced that the First Preference was at last to have a dividend, and the strength of the market has been well maintained. Canadian Pacifics dropped upon the prospect of another rate-war with its American neighbours, but the price rallied upon the news that the trouble had blown over. Among the Foreign Railways, Mexicans have come into favour, and are talked much higher. These were the prices at the opening of the year and those of the last Making-up day.

	Dec. 31, 1898.	M.U.	March 27, 1899.	Rise.
Grand Trunk Firsts	66	...	80¾	14¾
" " Seconds	45	...	58¾	13¾
Canadas	87¾	...	88½	¾
Mexican Firsts	77	...	91	14
" " Seconds	32	...	39	7
Nitrate Rails	8	...	9	1
Costa Rica	3¾	...	3½	½

The rise in Nitrate Rails has been very gradual, and is due to the traffic receipts having exceeded all expectations. A noticeable advance

is marked by the principal Argentine Railways, in which a small boom was running in February, and some of the Cuban Railway shares have gone ahead remarkably since the complete restoration of peace to that distressful isle.

COMMERCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

The tendency to turn everything into a company, from the Earl of Warwick to Barnum and Bailey's, has again been in strong evidence this year. Not that the British public has gone quite so far as the American in its mad thirst for combinations; the consolidation principle has lost a good deal of its attraction in this country owing to the miserable fiascos which some of last season's amalgamations have proved. But the demand for sound Home undertakings of the Industrial kind has been to a large extent the cause of the sensational rise in Lyons' shares, for instance, and new ventures showing any prospects of a fair return at all generally met with a cordial response to their appeals for capital.

National Telephones are nearly a pound a-share lower than they were at the end of last December, the fall being attributable to fears of Government competition. Strong views on both sides have been expressed, and the question is still in abeyance. The Electric Lighting Companies—other monopolists—have received a good deal of attention this year, but the dividends can only be regarded as fair in most instances, while several were distinctly bad. Another blow to the market was the passing of the dividend on Schweppe Deferred shares, an announcement which followed a fortnight after the unexpectedly good report of the Vickers-Maxim Company. Various actions have centred round Mr. Hooley, but, so far as the Stock Exchange is concerned, his career now excites only an academic interest. More to the point of business was the "splitting" scheme of the J. and P. Coats directors in January, the details of which were severely criticised. A Scottish sensation was afforded by the smash of Messrs. Pattison, the Preference shares of which company were introduced to the London Stock Exchange—curiously enough—after the bad news was circulated. In the Meat Extract Market, Bovril's hardened upon the acquisition by the company of the business of Vimbos. Stock Exchange shares have materially improved owing to the decision of the managers of the House that the annual subscription shall in future be £42 instead of thirty guineas.

KAFFIRS AND RHODESIANS.

Towering like a giant above all other markets in the Stock Exchange this year as regards business and interest stands the Kaffir Circus. Not that it received much encouragement to begin with; the Chartered Company wet-blanketed the whole market by its issue of 625,000 new shares on the very first dealing day of the year, which shares, by the way, are still awaiting a Special Settlement. But at the end of January, people, even outsiders, began to ask whether it were not about time that Kaffirs should be bought once more. They looked at the crushings and the dividends and the City Notes of *The Sketch*, until by degrees the jobbers woke up to the fact that the long-lost public was thinking of coming into the market. Then things began to hum with a vengeance. Despite the recent relapse caused by Mr. Chamberlain and Professor Kruger, see what an advance some of the leading Kaffir prices have scored in three months' time. The comparison is between the Making-up prices of the end December account and those of last week—

	Dec. 27, 1898.	M. U.	March 25, 1899.	Rf-e.
Anglo-French ...	2 $\frac{3}{4}$...	4	1 $\frac{1}{4}$
Con. Goldfields ...	5 $\frac{1}{16}$...	8 $\frac{7}{16}$	3 $\frac{1}{4}$
New African ...	1 $\frac{1}{2}$...	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 $\frac{5}{16}$
S. A. Gold Trust ...	4 $\frac{1}{2}$...	6 $\frac{1}{16}$	2 $\frac{7}{16}$
Apex ...	3 $\frac{3}{8}$...	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 $\frac{1}{8}$
Crown Reef ...	14 $\frac{1}{2}$...	18 $\frac{1}{2}$	4
East Rand ...	6 $\frac{3}{16}$...	8	11 $\frac{1}{16}$
Jubilee ...	5 $\frac{1}{8}$...	7 $\frac{3}{8}$	2 $\frac{1}{4}$
Knights ...	4 $\frac{1}{2}$...	7	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
Modderfontein ...	6 $\frac{7}{16}$...	10 $\frac{3}{16}$	4 $\frac{5}{16}$
Randfontein ...	2 $\frac{1}{16}$...	3 $\frac{7}{16}$	1 $\frac{3}{8}$
Rand Mines ...	34	...	43 ex-d.	9

One is sorely tempted to try the reader's patience with an extension of this list, but these examples are enough to show how great the rise has been. The advance in Consolidated Goldfields and Rand Mines shares is largely due to the excellent returns that have been received from some of the Deep-Level companies, a few of which entered the crushing-list for the first time last year. The Rand Mines Company has declared and paid its maiden dividend of £1 per share, and rumours are in constant circulation as to the splitting of the shares.

"KANGAROOS."

Suspended animation has been the order of the day in West Australian Gold-mining shares for the past thirteen weeks. The market has not had so much as a scandal to interest it, and the hope that it might come in for some of the remains of the Kaffir boom proved delusive. The principal movement has been in Golden Horseshoes, which have risen over £11 per share—they are £1 shares—during the quarter. This has been upon the decision to split the shares, the announcement being bracketed with the declaration of a 15s. dividend. Next in importance stands the rise in Peak Hill shares, the property having seen some extraordinary developments.

The tendency of all the groups has been upward, and even Great Boulder Proprietary shares have risen a shilling, after sharp fluctuations which had for their hub the cancellation of what was thought an unfair contract between the Great Boulder and a milling company of similar title. The Bottomley collection has been put upon the shelf.

MINES MISCELLANEOUS.

Rio Tinto Deferred rose 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ to 40 $\frac{1}{2}$, during the period under review, and Anacondas at 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ last Contango Day were £3 higher than they were three months ago. The phenomenal rise in the price of copper has induced a good deal of activity in the mining propositions chiefly concerned in this metal, and Mount Lyell—the Tasmanian property—advanced from 6 $\frac{3}{8}$ to 7 $\frac{1}{8}$, after being considerably higher. It was certain that the price of copper could not go on booming without a set-back, and one check occurred early in March. The dividend declarations, 27s. 6d. on Rio Tinto and 5s. each on Anaconda and Masons, had a hardening effect at the end of the quarter. Lively professional dealings in Utah and Bostons became a feature in February, and the former rose to double the top price of 1898.

Among the cheaper descriptions of Miscellaneous Mines, hardly a ripple, hardly a reconstruction, has ruffled the placid pool of their absolute stagnation. At the time of the Kaffir boom there was a kind of hope that the "twopenny-halfpenny market" might improve; but, beyond hardening sixpence here and threepence there, no response met the eager wishes of the jobbers in that unfortunate department. Happily, they have also the Indian Mines in their list; but even here there is little ground of congratulation, for the plague has been a real one on the Colar field, and no manufactured thing like that arranged by the "bears" which broke out on the Witwatersrand just before the Kaffir boom gave signs of tiredness. But good dividends can generally be relied upon to tell in the long run, and Mysore made up at 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ on March 25, which is half-a-sovereign better than on Dec. 27, 1898.

Our portrait this week is of Mr. J. R. Geard, who became City Editor of the *Morning Leader* at the commencement of its existence in May 1892, and who succeeded Mr. G. Wedlake in the City Editorship of the *Star* in October of that year. Mr. Geard has held the control of the City columns of the *Star* ever since, and those who follow financial matters know well that the importance and position which the daily notes of that paper have attained are attributable to the ability and integrity with which Mr. Geard has filled his responsible position. Mr. Geard is endowed with the rare faculty of writing severe criticism with such moderation and command of language that the law of libel has been unable to touch him since he assumed the reins of government, and yet it must be confessed that the daily notes which come from his pen lack nothing in piquancy.

Thursday, March 30, 1899

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTE.—In consequence of the Easter holidays, we have to go to press very early this week, and we must, therefore, claim the indulgence of our correspondents as to answers. Those letters not attended to this week shall be dealt with next.

J. S.—We should hold for a further rise. The shares are a lock-up, but there appears to be room for a rise, and as the senior securities improve the common shares may expect a corresponding increase in value.

Y. Z.—We do not like the company, and would not invest a penny of our own money in it.

GAMBLER.—The concern has got some solid assets in the shape of shares in concerns like the Jagersfontein Mine, Knights, and a few other sound affairs, and some land at Edgware, Bromley, &c.; but we do not like the people connected with it, and there is a lot of rubbish in its strong-boxes. We do not know where the shares are quoted, but will make inquiries as to market, &c., and let you know next week.

SAMPSON.—(1) Sell half and hold the rest if you feel nervous. (2) We have no information. (3) To join the reconstruction appears like throwing good money after bad.

N. B.—In our opinion, the shareholders did well to get rid of the noble chairman, and we see no reason to sell.

ALASKA.—We presume the company you hold shares in will go into voluntary liquidation. You will have to give notice that you dissent from the proposals and require the liquidator to abandon the scheme or purchase your interest, under Sec. 161 of the Companies Act, 1862. The notice must give the liquidator the alternative and must be given within seven days of the confirmatory (or second) meeting. The process is very technical, and if you are wise you will consult a solicitor.

A. J. P.—(1) We have sent you the broker's name and address. (2) The touts you name plead the Gambling Act when they owe any big sum, so you will be a fool to deal there.

LIGHT.—Imperial Continental Gas Stock would suit you. Hold your Hardebecks for the present.